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MR. HOOVER, DRIVEN BY FEAR of his impending defeat, has begun breaking records. Never before, if our memory serves us, has a President descended so far into the hurly-burly of political campaigning as to make twenty-three speeches in fifteen hours—most of them back-platform addresses, it is true, in the manner of the regulation barnstormer. When the campaign began, it will be recalled, Mr. Hoover announced that in his judgment two speeches by him were all that the campaign, and the dignity of the White House, called for. Never before has an Administration so largely forsaken its duties to go on the stump—at government expense—leaving the departments to run themselves. Still another record, a most painful one, has gone to Mr. Hoover. Never before has a President in search of re-election been booed as Mr. Hoover was in Detroit. Other hostile demonstrations Mr. Hoover has encountered, but there, "for dozens of blocks," according to the Detroit *Times*, "the air was filled with raucous 'booing' by large crowds." The situation was so tense, the *Times* continues, that the Secret Service men made Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, who "were visibly agitated by the hostile demonstration," change from an open to a closed automobile. "Veteran Secret Service men" said that they had never witnessed anything like it. The police, of course, ascribed the demonstration to Communists, B. E. F. members, and "dissatisfied unemployed"—how ungrateful not to be satisfied when unemployed! Mr. Hoover was reported on his return as certain that the booing would help rather than hurt his cause. But we doubt if he desires any more help of this kind.

MEANWHILE NEARLY EVERY MEMBER of the Cabinet has been on the stump for the final wind-up of a campaign which from the point of view of intellectual performance and genuinely constructive measures has about touched low-water mark. We entirely agree with Paul Anderson's comment on another page that Governor Roosevelt would be far stronger today if he had stopped campaigning after his first long trip. There have been times when his speeches have approached the maudlin. Al Smith, too, has had bad luck with his talks, if the first two are any criterion. To have raked up the bitterness of four years ago may have gratified his angry friends; it has certainly not added a cubit to his own stature. In Boston he was more effective; but even there he made some excellent points badly, at times haltingly, as if unprepared. Nevertheless, he has done the fair, not to say honorable, thing in urging his friends to stand by the ticket to which he, as a regular party man, is committed. On the Republican side, Theodore Roosevelt, the much lesser, over in Manila, was allowed to show his gratitude to Mr. Hoover for the two offices he has received at that gentleman's hands by speaking for him over the radio. He, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the son of the man who ran in 1912 on the radical Bull Moose platform with its demand for all sorts of experiments in social legislation, had the effrontery to tell the listening public that "we do not wish our country to be made a laboratory for wholesale experiments in government ownership, tariff tinkering, or currency inflation." Fortunately this stupid and nasty campaign does not end without a touch of humor. After solemnly advising the public and all his employees to support Mr. Hoover, Henry Ford will be unable to vote because, patriot that he is, he forgot to register!

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY *The Nation* receives word of the magnificent campaign Norman Thomas has conducted. Without benefit of money, special trains, radio hook-ups, or press agents, the Socialist candidate has been met everywhere by huge crowds of enthusiastic listeners. In Hartford, Connecticut, a meeting for Thomas turned out to be the largest political rally held in the city during the whole campaign. The crowd, paying 25 cents admission, overflowed the biggest hall in town to listen to a powerful attack on the economic program and performances of both the leading candidates. Only the night before, Secretary Mills had addressed a gathering in the same hall that scarcely filled the first-floor seats. Out in Oklahoma, where by an outrageous decision of the State Supreme Court the Socialist candidates are barred from the ballot, Thomas ran second to Roosevelt in a straw vote conducted by the Oklahoma *News;* Hoover, who swept the State in 1928, came third. Four years ago at the National

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Press Club in Washington, D. C., Mr. Thomas spoke to a group composed of four reporters and a handful of faithful Socialists; this year he was welcomed by a gathering of six hundred newspapermen and their guests, whose enthusiastic response is described elsewhere in this issue by Paul Y. Anderson. All these indications point to the largest Socialist vote on November 8 that has ever been polled in the United States. That this will be a vote for fundamental change, as well as a rebuke to the old parties and their hopeless floundering in the face of economic disaster, is shown by the almost incredible recent increase in the number of Socialist locals throughout the country. In May of this year only 83 communities supported party locals; since then 467 new locals have been formed. When popular discontent gets to the point where it organizes and pays dues, it has become more than a mere political flurry.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S SPEECH at Indianapolis was from the Republican point of view the most effective speech he had delivered in the campaign up to that time, and it was made so by the fact that whoever wrote it took full advantage of Mr. Roosevelt's shifts on the tariff question. Mr. Hoover reviewed all Mr. Roosevelt's denunciations of the Smoot-Hawley act and the Democratic candidate's subsequent announcement that he did not propose to reduce tariffs on farm products, and he begged to remind Mr. Roosevelt that he had "overnight thrown overboard the great historical position of his party." It is a good thing to have someone—even Mr. Hoover—remind Mr. Roosevelt of this; the Governor got precisely what he deserved for his lack of backbone and his attempts to be too clever. Apart from its *ad hominem* effectiveness, Mr. Hoover's Indianapolis address was a string of absurdities. The man who was positively assuring us at regular intervals in 1930 that the depression would be over in sixty days still has the hardihood to announce with a straight face that he has "positive evidence that the measures and policies we have set up are driving the forces of this depression into further retreat." It probably required even more hardihood for him to accuse Mr. Roosevelt of wanting to use the Supreme Court for political purposes—this from the man who nominated that third-rate judge, John J. Parker, for the Supreme Court merely for the purpose of strengthening himself politically in North Carolina. Assistant Secretary of the Interior Joe Dixon, it will be recalled, indiscreetly hailed the nomination as "a major political stroke," and it smelled so badly that the Senate threw it out.

IF THE PRESIDENT of the United States were chosen by the votes of college students, Herbert Hoover would apparently win the election. Such is the indication based on a number of college polls from all over the country, which show, in contrast to the newspaper and the *Literary Digest* polls, a strong majority for the Republicans. Evidently the more privileged youth of the land believes in letting bad enough alone. The really interesting results of these student votes appear in the scores run up by Roosevelt and Thomas. The Democratic nominee came in second, but except in the Southern colleges, which stood by their traditional allegiance, his vote was only a shade ahead of Norman Thomas's, the numbers being respectively 10,607 and 9,614. In several colleges the Socialist candidate ran ahead; New York University and Columbia in New York gave him a comfortable lead over his old-party opponents while in the West he won a majority in Colorado University and the Colorado School of Mines. To analyze this vote would be extremely difficult; we suspect that it indicates little or nothing about the temper of the country. Rather it suggests that undergraduates, relatively comfortable and unmoved by the economic upheavals around them, generally stand pat, accepting uncritically the political faith of their childhood; or, if they have begun to think at all, they pass swiftly and without fear to a radical solution of the problems confronting their country and time.

THE UPRISING OF THE BAR of New York City against the deal by which Tammany and the noble and virtuous Republicans joined hands to nominate Senator Hofstadter for the bench has assumed remarkable and most promising proportions. For once the lawyers have really forgotten their individual prejudices and their professional futures and are working as never before—as their critics have so often said they could work if they chose—to reform the courts and the administration of justice. Today they are really in hopes that they will upset this unholy bipartisan alliance and elect their two excellent candidates, George W. Alger and Bernard S. Deutsch. Even if they do not, the anger and determination now aroused will still be potent in next year's mayoralty contest. The spectacle of the head of the anti-Tammany legislative investigating committee accepting nomination at Tammany's hands is intolerable, and so, too, is the nomination of his running mate, Aron Steuer. As John W. Davis has well put it in his letter to W. Kingsland Macy, the Republican chairman, Mr. Macy is "probably the first and only individual who ever suggested in public that a judge should be selected on the basis of his father's merit."

WHILE THE QUARREL over Japan's conquest of Manchuria continues to engage the attention of diplomats in Geneva, Washington, and elsewhere, the Japanese themselves are apparently looking still farther afield. There was held in Peiping recently a conference of more than passing significance, which was attended by Akira Ariyoshi, the Japanese minister to China; Tokuzo Komai, privy councilor of Manchukuo; Tuan Chi-jui, a former President of China; and a number of retired Chinese war lords, including Wu Pei-fu and Yen Hsi-shan. Observers reported that the question of erecting a new buffer state in North China was discussed. It is known that the Japanese have for some years looked with favor upon this idea. Five years ago, indeed, when the southern Nationalists were threatening to invade Manchuria, the Japanese did actually intervene in North China for the purpose of "restoring peace and order." Now that the Nanking Government is showing signs of dissolution, and another period of civil warfare in the Peiping area and along the borders of Manchuria appears imminent, the Japanese may again decide to intervene. Doubtless their creature state, Manchukuo, would feel more secure if an autonomous but friendly government were set up in North China as a barrier against the political confusion and military disturbances of the rest of China. The presence of Wu Pei-fu and Yen Hsi-shan lends color to the belief that the Peiping conference took up this question. Wu Pei-fu has always wanted to govern North China, while Marshal

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Yen was for a short time in 1928 in control of Peking (now Peiping), and has made no secret of his desire to return to authority in that area.

GERMANY WILL HOLD on November 6 its second Reichstag election and its fourth national election of the year. The political turmoil attending these elections and the feeling of uncertainty resulting from the failure of any of them to settle decisively the constitutional controversy which has split Germany into several hostile camps have undoubtedly proved injurious to German recovery. Nor is there much hope that the coming election will serve to allay this feeling of uncertainty. While recent communal elections show a marked decrease in the strength of the National Socialists, it is not very likely that the voting on November 6 will produce a working majority in the Reichstag. The Hugenberg Nationalists, who are friendly to the Von Papen Government, are expected to gain at the expense of the Hitlerites, but not enough to enable them to form a combination with any of the other conservative or moderate parties. Moreover, it is generally believed that the only other faction that will show increased strength is the Communist Party, and that certainly will not comfort the business men and bankers. Unless President von Hindenburg and Chancellor von Papen decide to disregard the constitution altogether, another Reichstag election will probably have to be called late in the winter or early next spring.

CAN WE RESTORE PROSPERITY in this country by continuing to throttle our foreign trade? American manufacturers seem to think so, and in this they have the active sympathy of some of our federal officials. Anti-dumping hearings, attended by little publicity, are now being held in Washington before F. X. A. Eble, the Commissioner of Customs. Manufacturers have for weeks been presenting evidence intended to show that certain foreign products are being sold here at prices which, even after adding freight charges and customs duties, are still below the actual cost of manufacture of identical products in this country. Witnesses have told of entire industries being "wiped out" by this "ruinous foreign competition," and have denounced the prices of these foreign goods as "unfair." They are demanding that such goods be barred, under the anti-dumping law, from entering the American market. Even our tremendously high tariff does not suit them; they want their competitors' goods completely excluded. As yet no concrete evidence of dumping has been presented. Nevertheless, orders have been issued admitting stearic acid from the Netherlands, rubber footwear from Czecho-Slovakia, manganese ore, and steel products only under bond on "suspicion of dumping." If dumping is proved to the satisfaction of the Commissioner of Customs, these and other products under investigation will be permanently excluded. It is to be presumed that the commissioner will demand valid and convincing evidence of dumping. Yet even his temporary orders are proving harmful to trade. According to the importers concerned, the bond required in each case is so heavy that they cannot afford to bring these particular products into the country.

SEVERAL "ARMIES" of veterans, farmers, and unemployed workers are planning to march on Washington shortly after Congress convenes in December. The police officials of the capital in their turn are working out plans for resisting these "invasions." But reports from Washington indicate that they are not having much success. They probably miss the cool wisdom and frankness of Superintendent of Police Glassford, who recently was compelled to resign, ostensibly because the District Commissioners refused to approve his proposal for reorganizing the police department. There is good reason to believe, however, that General Glassford actually retired under pressure because he had opposed the use of troops in driving the war veterans from Washington last July. He was of the opinion that the police had the situation in hand when the Hoover Administration suddenly turned the bayonets, tanks, and tear-gas bombs of the regular army upon the bonus seekers. Whether his successor, Major E. W. Brown, will have any better luck remains to be seen. Major Brown has sent letters to police chiefs throughout the country "requesting that every possible bit of information be supplied to Washington authorities concerning the nature, temper, and size of groups en route to the capital." It is to be hoped that he and his colleagues will take every precaution to prevent trouble, for there must be no further bloodshed.

THE PURCHASE AND SUPPRESSION of the Chicago *Evening Post* by the *Daily News* of that city is additional evidence of the way in which the press is being affected by the depression. Daily newspapers were decreasing in number through consolidation, suppression by rivals, and financial failure long before the economic disaster came, in obedience to an apparently resistless trend toward monopoly. Now the process is being greatly accelerated. Recently the morning Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and the evening *News* were brought under the same ownership, for the obvious purpose of making savings in overhead and costs of production. The city of Cleveland is now limited to getting its news from either the *Plain Dealer* group or the Scripps-Howard newspaper, the *Press*. In Chicago, which used to be almost a city of newspapers, there are now left the two Hearst newspapers, the *American* and the *Herald and Examiner*, and the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Times*, and the *Daily News*—a sorry choice, with the *Daily News* by far the best. The absorption of the *Evening Post* again throws a group of excellent newspaper workers out into the street, with practically no hope of obtaining journalistic work. What the newspapers are contending with is shown by the advertising statistics of the New York dailies for September. The *Times*, one of the strongest papers in the United States, lost 26 per cent of advertising as compared with 1931, the *Herald Tribune* 23 per cent, and the *Evening Post* 24 per cent. Roughly, these figures are about double the loss of 1931 as compared with 1930.

TO MILLIONS OF AMERICANS the most exciting news of the last few months will be that the contract bridge scoring has been changed. This was no frivolous task, no mean achievement. The great brains of two continents were focused upon it. As Charlie Schwab has put it: "The amount of effort expended [in changing the rules] has been prodigious. . . . We are all concerned that a great contribution has been made." He might have added that the new rules are the result of the first successful international conference since the war.

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The End of a Sham Battle

WITH the Presidential campaign in its final week neither of the two great parties, in the midst of the worst depression in our history, has had the intelligence or the courage to propose a single fundamental measure that might conceivably put us on the road to recovery. The Republicans have finally decided to stake everything on one main argument. This is that recovery has already begun, that it will surely continue if only we let it alone and do absolutely nothing, and that the one thing that would set it back irretrievably would be a Democratic victory. Mr. Hoover's sole hope of saving himself now lies in the ability of the Republican Party to frighten a sufficient number of voters into swallowing this contention. Its complete lack of plausibility is quite evident. For it involves either the superstitious belief that the depression is a mysterious visitation unrelated to human error and that it will equally mysteriously cure itself if only we keep hands off, or it involves the still more preposterous belief that all the slumps and disasters in Mr. Hoover's Administration were caused by "shocks from abroad" and the wicked Democrats, while all the recoveries, even the most minute, were caused by Mr. Hoover.

As so much is being staked on the recovery, it may be well to look at its real nature and extent, disregarding the enormous propaganda of "optimism" recently put out not only by the Administration, but by industrial leaders, investment bankers, and the like. The index of business activity of the New York *Times,* compiled from figures of car loadings, steel-mill activity, electric-power, automobile, and carded cotton-cloth production, stood at 56 per cent of normal for the week ended October 15, compared with its low point of 52.2 per cent of normal in the week ended August 20. Even on the Republican interpretation, this would mean that wicked Europe and the wicked Democrats between them had succeeded in pounding American business activity down during the first three and a half years of Mr. Hoover's administration by 47.8 per cent, while Mr. Hoover's noble last-minute efforts were able to win only 3.8 per cent of it back. Eleven-twelfths of the damage, in other words, remains.

The most cheerful single announcement of recovery has been that of the American Federation of Labor, which estimates that 560,000 men were taken back to work in September. But the federation reminds us that 10,900,000 persons are still unemployed. And as *The Nation* pointed out editorially several weeks ago, these unemployed are worse off now than they were in August, when the total was greater, for they have depleted whatever savings they may have had. Further, the federation tells us that these employment gains "are entirely seasonal, and when November brings lay-offs, as it always does, most of this gain will probably be lost." The federation sees no reason to change its previous opinion that at least 13,000,000 men will be out of work by January.

The last quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation is not reassuring either. The report shows a deficit for the three months ending with September of $27,000,000 after preferred dividends were deducted, the largest deficit for three months in the corporation's history; even before the deduction of preferred dividends the deficit was $21,000,000. What is happening to the Steel Corporation is merely symptomatic of what is happening to hundreds of our other great corporations, including the railroads; they are not earning current operating expenses, and the question becomes increasingly serious of how long they can continue to live on their vanishing reserves. Finally, the fact that the current rate of business activity is now slightly higher than it was at its worst is in itself no reason for supposing that improvement will continue. Almost as if with the emphatic intention of smashing this myth, wheat—the rise of which earlier in the year was everywhere hailed as one of the unmistakable barometers of recovery—has now not only lost all of its previous rise, but has plunged to 44 cents a bushel for December delivery, the lowest price ever recorded on the Chicago Board of Trade.

To meet these conditions President Hoover has proposed nothing but a continuance of the process represented by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—i. e., keeping things going by dumping more of the taxpayers' money into enterprises not considered safe enough for private capital to risk its own money in. So far from apologizing for the Smoot-Hawley tariff, the most disastrous single piece of legislation signed by him, he has made increasingly emphatic his intention to raise the tariff still further, recently instructing the Tariff Commission to look into the rates on sixteen commodities to see if they ought not to be jacked up because of currency depreciation abroad; though he says nothing, of course, of the fall of commodity prices which automatically raised the tariff rate on sugar, for example, from 70 per cent ad valorem in 1928 to 350 per cent in May of this year, with the consumer—that always forgotten man—paying the bill. Against this calamitous policy Mr. Roosevelt has been ineffective, for though he denounces the Smoot-Hawley tariff, he removes all meaning from his denunciation, first, by promising that he will give just as much "protection" to industry and the farmer as Mr. Hoover is giving, and, second, by proposing reduction by the utterly impracticable method of a separate treaty with each country.

On the vital question of international debts the Democratic platform commits Mr. Roosevelt against cancelation, while Mr. Hoover brilliantly proposes to use the debts to promote our exports—which is as if the head of a department store were to propose to expand its sales with the bills that its customers still owed to it! On federal expenditures, in spite of a still appalling deficit, neither candidate has had the courage to say specifically where he would make a cut of any importance; Mr. Hoover, instead, hints at a bigger navy and opposes as a "gross injustice" any reduction in the staggering payments we are making to veterans who suffered no injury in the war. Mr. Hoover is against the bonus in principle while Mr. Roosevelt is against it for the time being. Mr. Roosevelt thinks a little more might be spent on relief and Mr. Hoover thinks we have already spent enough on relief. Such is the glorious Presidential campaign of 1932!

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The Herriot Plan

PREMIER HERRIOT'S new disarmament plan is one of the most important advanced by any responsible statesman since the Paris Peace Conference. In certain aspects it is almost revolutionary. This is particularly true of the proposal to abolish professional armies in continental Europe. There can be no question that the possession of such military machines by the leading Powers in 1914 helped to precipitate the World War. In suggesting that "national defensive militias" be substituted for the regular armies, the French Premier has more than met President Hoover's recent declaration that land forces should be organized for defense only. Herriot's suggestion that the Powers also agree to compulsory arbitration is not new—this principle was embodied in the Geneva Protocol of 1924—but acceptance of this principle appears to us, as it does to Herriot, to be essential to the success of any general disarmament program. Lastly, in putting forward these proposals the French for the first time recognize the necessity of revising the Treaty of Versailles.

If it accomplishes nothing else, the Herriot plan at least revives the hope that something may finally be achieved at the Geneva disarmament conference, which until recently seemed about ready to expire. The State Department and the foreign offices abroad will probably await detailed publication of the French proposals before deciding upon their own policies. They know from experience that progress at Geneva has been constantly blocked by minor technicalities. The Herriot plan may contain a few of these obscure technical points, included for bargaining purposes, if for no other reason. For example, on its face the French scheme makes an exceedingly important concession to Germany. Not only does it open the way to general treaty revision, for which the Germans have long been agitating, but it also appears to fit in very nicely with General von Schleicher's plans for reorganization of Germany's military establishment. It will be recalled that after the disastrous Jena campaign Napoleon limited Prussia's army to 42,000 men, but placed no limit on the length of service. Hardenberg and Scharnhorst took advantage of this by passing as many men through the army as quickly as was practicable, thus creating a huge reserve of trained men. It was upon this system that the efficient Prussian army of later years was founded, and it was to prevent Germany from repeating the process that Lloyd George insisted at the Paris Peace Conference upon limiting the German army to 100,000 effectives, with the minimum term of service placed at twelve years. General von Schleicher has several times candidly declared that he wants this term of service reduced, presumably to enable Germany to create another military reserve. It seems a little naive to expect that France will ask nothing in return for this concession.

The chief obstacle to execution of the Herriot plan may prove to be the United States. Point 6 in the plan clearly suggests that the United States should be called upon to contribute to its success by entering into a consultative pact with the European Powers. Point 9 declares that arbitration shall be obligatory for all states adhering to the projected treaty. Dispatches from Paris discussing the French proposals seek to emphasize the European aspects of the scheme. They point out that the disarmament features apply exclusively to the Continent, and that all the United States is asked to do is to "grant guaranties of security that she herself has envisaged." Thus Washington is again being invited to bind itself to act in concert with Europe whenever war is threatened. Premier Herriot had in mind the several public declarations made by Secretary of State Stimson and his predecessor, Frank B. Kellogg, to the effect that the United States will not hesitate to consult with other Powers regarding violations of the Kellogg Pact when and as the necessity arises. But the French Premier forgets that the State Department has again and again made it clear that the United States will not agree in advance to such consultation or to any other form of concerted international action. Nor does the United States seem prepared at this time to change its position with regard to compulsory arbitration of all disputes in which it might be involved. If the French government is truly anxious to bring about the reforms proposed, it will not wait upon American acceptance of these two points.

Whatever the ultimate fate of the Herriot proposals may be, they come at a most opportune moment. They will certainly give new impetus to the discussions at Geneva and may eventually lead to a genuine disarmament agreement. President Hoover declared the other day that the United States would build a navy "equal to that of the most powerful in the world" if the Geneva conference failed. The Herriot plan may not be perfect, but it at least has the merit of having no such jingoistic threats attached to it.

The Supreme Court and the Gerrymander

A WIDE spread of gerrymanders may be expected next year as the result of the amazing decision of the United States Supreme Court, handed down on October 18, upholding the Congressional redistricting law in Mississippi, and by implication in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia also. Once more the court divided five to four, and this time Chief Justice Hughes, far from pretending to liberalism, himself wrote the majority opinion which declared that Congressional districts need not be "of compact, contiguous territory and evenly divided as to population," as ordained by the law of 1911. The majority opinion, from which Justices Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, and Cardozo dissented, held that Congress deliberately omitted from the 1929 act the requirements of the law of 1911, and that therefore apportionments under the 1930 census are not bound by any of these former restrictions.

The court's decision on Mississippi immediately affects Kentucky, Tennessee, and possibly Virginia. In Mississippi and Kentucky, where lower federal courts had overthrown the redistricting laws and ordered elections at large, the greatest confusion now prevails, with the probable necessity of nominating by petition and the likelihood of a challenge in the courts after the November election. Mississippi's Congressional delegation was reduced from eight to seven by the census of 1930. The State's redistricting law was chal-

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lenged by Stewart C. Brown of Jackson in a federal-court suit which pointed out that the districts were far from being either contiguous and compact or of equal population. In fact, they varied in population from 184,000 in the Fourth District to 420,000 in the Third. It is this inequitable distribution which the highest court has now approved.

In taking again the extremely legalistic attitude so often adopted before, the Supreme Court has disappointed liberals everywhere. But politicians of both parties will be pleased. This decision gives free rein to their map-drawing talents. In addition to the Southern States mentioned, where the 1932 legislatures may be expected to rearrange the districts to eliminate any chance of a Republican being elected to Congress from their mountain sections, the States principally affected will be Missouri, Minnesota, Illinois, and New York. Missouri's fifteen Representatives are being elected at large this year, but next year the minority Republican Party may expect to be frozen out in the redistricting. Minnesota elects eleven at large, but if the Republicans carry the legislature they undoubtedly will try to eliminate the Farmer-Labor districts. Illinois, which now elects two members at large, may see an even greater disproportion in future districts than exists now if a Republican legislature is elected.

The situation in New York deserves special mention. New York gained two Congressmen by the 1930 census, making forty-five in all. The Republicans attempted to redistrict the State against the will of the Democratic Governor. That attempt was frowned on by the State and federal courts without exception, and as a result two members at large are being chosen at this election. The contempt that the bosses have for these jobs is shown by the fact that both parties nominated nonentities. The Republican reapportionment act, which the Supreme Court killed, was one of the worst gerrymanders in American history. While depriving Tammany of four of its present members, it linked Democratic Staten Island with part of Republican Long Island, from which it is separated by fifty miles or so of land and water. Under the new Supreme Court ruling, however, that would be perfectly possible. Legally, a district might consist partly of a county near the Canadian border and partly of New York City.

The constitution of New York State, by giving a disproportionate representation to upstate rural areas, practically guarantees Republican control of the assembly, if not of both houses of the legislature. Should Colonel Donovan be elected Governor and be supported by the usual Republican legislative majority, there would be nothing now to prevent the G. O. P. from carving up the State in such a fashion that New York City's representation at Washington would be reduced to a minimum. The situation, however, is not without its menace even to the Old Party. If the Democrats this fall should sweep the upstate districts and, overriding a rotten-borough constitution, elect both a Democratic State senate and a Democratic assembly, then the Republican plight would be grave indeed. For such a legislature, with a Democratic Governor's backing, could not only realign the Congressional districts to the advantage of Tammany and its allies, but could also initiate a constitutional amendment to end the unfair advantage of upstate rural counties in the legislative apportionments. And this, when ratified by the people of the State, would end the seventy-five-year Republican legislative rule at Albany.

Microbe Hunter

TWO generations ago most Americans who returned from their honeymoon brought with them an imitation ivory paper-cutter through the handle of which one could peep at a magnified image of Niagara Falls. Today their grandchildren come back from Paris with similar trifles, differing only by virtue of the fact that less ennobling images of nature are commonly supplied—and they are usually no more aware than their grandparents were that what they have is essentially the microscope with which Anthony Van Leeuwenhoek laid the foundations of bacteriology and first saw the forms with which the best-equipped laboratories are still busy.

Just three hundred years ago this fall Van Leeuwenhoek was born at Delft into a world which believed that the only proper study of mankind was man. More than a century later Lord Chesterfield was to express what was still the common opinion when he spoke contemptuously of those who busied themselves with the piddling affairs of insects and mites. But Van Leeuwenhoek was one of those perverse eccentrics whose curiosity took an undignified direction. He prepared for himself little cylinders of glass which he mounted in metal plates and with the aid of which he peered into drops of foul water as well as into gobs of even less inviting matter. As a result, his was the first human eye to see protozoa, bacteria, and many features of the minute structure of living organisms.

Modern historians of science complain that Van Leeuwenhoek's investigations were scattered and unsystematic. He peered at everything like a small boy finding new uses for a tool or a toy. But he was industrious nevertheless, and he was canny besides: industrious because he saw more new things than almost anyone before or since his time; canny because, not content with 112 communications to the Royal Society in England and 26 papers published in the Mémoires of the Paris Academy of Science, he protected himself against the danger of being called a liar by obtaining from some members of the former body a sworn statement to the effect that they had seen with their own eyes some of the wonders he was prepared to show. He was the first person accurately to describe the red corpuscles of the human blood, and he missed by only a few months being the first to see those active little tadpoles which modern science calls spermatozoa; but oddly enough more than two centuries passed before anyone suspected the importance of the smallest and least striking of the things which he saw—namely, the bacteria.

The ghost of Van Leeuwenhoek is in an excellent position to realize that it is still the poets whose achievements stick longest in the human mind, for Van Leeuwenhoek inspired one poem far better known than any of his own achievements. It was he who first noted that the humble flea is not too humble to be exploited by a parasite, a discovery which inspired his contemporary, Dean Swift, to write:

> So, naturalists observe, a flea
> Has smaller fleas that on him prey:
> And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
> And so proceed ad infinitum.

Ten people are familiar with that jingle to one who would recognize the name of the first of the microbe hunters.

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The Handwriting on the Wall

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THE POT AND THE KETTLE

Here They Are Calling Each Other Names!

MR. POT ROOSEVELT and Mr. Kettle Hoover are just having the time of their lives calling each other names. The Governor now charges the President with Destruction, Delay, Deceit, and Despair. He had better look out. A magistrate in New York City, one Renaud, almost sent a taxicab driver to the workhouse for ten days on October 24 because he freely expressed his opinion of Mr. Hoover to a fare. As the New York *Times* reports it, this amazing judge finally let him off "with a reprimand and a warning that whether or not he agreed with the President's views he must respect him as long as he is President." In that case the magistrate had certainly better hale Franklin Roosevelt into court for calling the President a deceiver and a falsifier, and obviously having no respect whatever for him. Of course the Governor is well within his rights, and the magistrate with a French name plainly belongs in Europe and not in the United States. Our Presidents are not kings but hired men put into the White House for a brief term of years, and are no more exempt from frank or vulgar or profane criticism because of their office than is any other citizen. George Washington was not spared, nor Abraham Lincoln, and neither of them set up the theory that a President was beyond being called names by his fellow-citizens according to the well-established custom of democracies. Incidentally, the taxicab driver was, we suspect, allowed to go free because the magistrate knew that there was no law directly covering his offense, and that the driver could have sued the policeman for false arrest—unless that all-embracing charge of disorderly conduct would cover the case; by means of that, police and magistrates often dispose of persons whose actions or speeches they dislike. Yet we have not reached lese majeste quite yet.

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IT is one of the refreshing things about this campaign that Mr. Roosevelt has been getting after Mr. Hoover so vigorously that the latter has finally discovered that the name of the man running against him is Roosevelt. For the first few weeks after the President found his tongue he couldn't possibly name his opponent. Gradually he took his courage in both hands and gave his hearers the surprising information that it was a fellow named Roosevelt who was sticking pins into him night after night. These four-year Presidential battles really have their educational value when candidates begin to speak out frankly; at least there is a chance then that the plain people may understand how far from supermen the candidates are, and what little claim they have to being called statesmen and constructive leaders. When they begin to berate each other like fishwives, and every speech each makes is intended to prove to the public just how much the other has misrepresented and falsified the facts, the public begins to size them up just about as they are.

WHAT a relief it is to turn from all that slanging and banging and noisy hurly-burly, which will make every American well satisfied to have the campaign over on the eighth of November, to the quiet sincerity and honesty and good manners of the campaign waged by Norman Thomas. After visiting thirty-eight States he has just come back to New York to report that his party has built up a strong national following and that the Socialist protest vote this year will be "tremendous." I am sure that he told the sad truth when he said that his long tour convinced him that there is not the "slightest warrant" for the Republican assertion that the depression is lifting. He added: "The resources of the people are exhausted. I have been in towns where there isn't any money. Butte, Montana, is such a place. There is only one encouraging sign and that is the way the unemployed are beginning to organize on the Pacific Coast, in Colorado, and Indiana." He said that he had found only one Roosevelt rooter, Josephus Daniels. "The Roosevelt people," he averred, "are those who put cotton in their ears so they can't hear anything." Finally, he confirmed what every observer reports, that the hatred for Mr. Hoover is of an intensity never before witnessed in an American campaign. Incidentally, he reported that in Denver, where in 1928 he talked to 200 persons, this year his audience numbered 8,000, and 14,000 came to hear him in Milwaukee. Everywhere he went the crowds surpassed his audiences of four years ago by thousands. This is heartening news—if only the progressive and liberal-minded element will go to work to build a new third party on an enduring basis immediately after the election. Just as it was possible for Socialists and liberals to get together in 1924 under the La Follette leadership, it ought to be possible in 1936 to set up a political opposition that will be a distinct challenge to the Pot Democrats and the Kettle Republicans. Senator La Follette, by the way, hinted at that possibility in his statement explaining his decision to support Governor Roosevelt. But more important than the opinion of any Senator at present is the simple fact that the depression is not getting appreciably better, though there are some hopeful indications.

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POOR Mr. Roosevelt will deserve all the sympathies of the public when he takes over the wreckage left by the Hoover Administration. By the way, I met a Democratic politician well on the inside of Tammany Hall the other day who told me that Roosevelt would carry New York City by about a million votes and win the State easily. "But," he added, "in two years from now he will be as unpopular as Hoover is at present." "And then?" said I. "Then we shall have a dictator." "And the dictator?" I asked. "It will be Al Smith," said he. The Irish, apparently, have not lost their humor.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

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Mr. Hoover's Last Mile

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, October 29

THE campaign, thank God, will soon be over. If you are weary of reading about it on this page be content to know that I am even wearier of writing about it. The truth is that the country is thoroughly fed up with this campaign. It has been entirely too long. There have been too many public addresses by speakers who either had nothing to say or were afraid to say it. Mr. Roosevelt's flashy smile and flashier phrases have become almost as tiresome as the muddy, interminable sentences of Mr. Hoover and the arrant demagoguery of Hurley and Mills. Not in my time has there been so much sound and fury, signifying so little. Through all this bombast and piffle we are informed that Hoover remains loyal to the power trust and the Hawley-Smoot tariff, and that Roosevelt favors repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and immediate modification of the Volstead Act—which we knew already. The remainder you can put in your eye. I am convinced that Roosevelt would have got 3,000,000 more votes if he had gone back to Albany at the conclusion of his first campaign tour and remained there. His Western trip probably was necessary in order to head off the Republican whispering campaign to the effect that he was an invalid, but his subsequent journeys have been worse than a waste of time and effort. As for the distracted Mr. Hoover, there is no evidence that his frantic sorties will have the slightest influence on the result. Probably he has succeeded in alarming a few business men—and in antagonizing an equal number of farmers and workers. Only a miracle can save him, and the suspicion that Mr. Hoover is not a miracle man has become somewhat general. To me the most refreshing incident of recent weeks was the talk which Norman Thomas delivered at the National Press Club, and which, I am proud to say, was not only heard but actually cheered to the echo by a large majority of the Washington correspondents. It was a gust of clean air in a foul room.

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ONE aspect of the campaign which should not pass unnoticed is the perfectly disgraceful fashion in which Cabinet officers and their ranking subordinates have abandoned their duties in Washington and scattered to the four corners of the country for the purpose of making political speeches. The fact, incidentally, forms a rather interesting commentary on the argument that the government cannot function without the services of Hoover and the Hoover Boys. It has been functioning for several weeks with very little assistance from most of them, and will continue to do so until election day. The Treasury, for example, with a deficit of more than half a billion dollars—which is growing daily—has floundered along while Secretary Mills stumped the country from Washington to San Francisco and back to Baltimore. The War Department remains open while Secretary Hurley and Assistant Secretaries Payne and Davison prowl and howl upon the hustings. The Interior Department did not close its doors while Secretary Wilbur was parading his pedagogic periods in southern Illinois, and Agriculture still waves notwithstanding the fact that Artful Artie Hyde was last reported in Denver or Salt Lake City, where he disclosed that the Hawley-Smoot tariff was directly inspired by God, a revelation which must have aroused profound bewilderment in the breast of Old Joe Grundy. Of course, the truth is that the real work of the government is being performed by the same unhonored, unsung, and underpaid federal employees who always perform it regardless of which party is in power. But if the state of the Union is as grave as Mr. Hoover now asks us to believe, how is it that nearly all the members of his staff are able to go off on vote-catching excursions?

* * * * *

A PIECE of news developed here a few days ago which received surprisingly little attention from the newspapers, considering its sensational and important character. Charles A. Russell, former solicitor of the Federal Power Commission, deliberately charged in a public address that President Hoover had personally intervened to prevent the provisions of the Federal Water Power Act from being executed, as a result of which the Insulls and other utility promoters were able to unload hundreds of millions of dollars in watered stocks on the investing public. It will be recalled that the first act of the President's newly appointed Power Commission was to dismiss Russell and William V. King, both of whom had sought vigorously to deflate the fantastically padded accounts of power companies occupying public sites. The importance of this task lay, first, in the fact that the price of securities offered to the public rested, in part, on these fictitious values; second, in the fact that rates to consumers are partly based on them; and third, in the fact that if and when the federal government decides to recapture these sites it must purchase them on the basis of these book figures. Yet Russell told his Washington audience that when he sought to eliminate $800,000 of "padding" from the books of an Insull enterprise, F. E. Bonner, the executive secretary, not only interfered but repeatedly declared he was "carrying out the instructions of President Hoover." Russell also alluded to a letter in which the President expressed his desire that the activities of the commission be curtailed. He accused the President directly of seeking to "wreck the Federal Water Power Act." Thus far there has been no reply from the White House or from members of the commission. When the list of Republican campaign contributors is made public it will be interesting to discover how many of them are power magnates. And there are some of us who won't forget to look.

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IN that connection it is timely to note that obstacles have arisen to the pious scheme whereby the R. F. C. was to buy California for Hoover by lending $102,000,000 of the taxpayers' money for the construction of an aqueduct at Los Angeles and a bridge at San Francisco. This will

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bring grief to the hearts of all those who rejoice in good works, whether public or private, but the fact is that interested citizens of California have filed suit in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to stop one of the loans. They represent with considerable force that the act creating the R. F. C. expressly prohibits loans which are to be repaid out of taxes, and that the ordinance providing for the aqueduct expressly stipulates that its bonds shall be retired in part out of taxes. It is impossible to appreciate the rich irony of the situation without remembering that it was the Administration which insisted on the exclusion of tax-supported projects when the act was before Congress. The Administration was fearful lest States, cities, or other governmental agencies be led into extravagances. My enjoyment of the situation is tempered by a suspicion that the persons opposing the loan are actuated more by private considerations than by concern for the integrity of the statute. A sour and distrustful nature makes me wonder whether opposition to the aqueduct originated among private water and power companies. If a similar opposition develops against the bridge, I shall wish to know whether any private ferry companies are in the picture. In the words of the old Chinese proverb: "When crossing behind a street car, look for a truck coming in the opposite direction."

TO advance new reasons for the defeat of Hoover and his crowd would seem, in the homely language of my mountaineer ancestors, to be a work of supererogation. Nevertheless, to that long list there should be added, in all conscience, the action of the Wickersham Commission in suppressing the report of its expert subcommittee on the Mooney and Billings case. It is true that the report, now finally made public through the diligence of Senator Wheeler and others, discloses little that was not already known. We are told again that the case against the defendants really was "made" by a private detective hired by labor-baiting employers. The unique value of the report consists not in its disclosures but in its authority. No one who belongs outside a psychopathic ward would question the capacity or fairness of the distinguished lawyers who made the investigation. At the time when the report was presented to the Wickersham Commission the chances of liberating these innocent prisoners were much brighter than they are now. It has been charged that Mr. Hoover insisted on its suppression. Whether that be true or not, it is obvious that he could have insured its publication by a mere word. That he failed can only be explained by his fear of antagonizing powerful financial interests in California. Who invented the phrase about "playing politics with human misery"?

The Revolutionary Crisis in Japan

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

IT was the fear of a social explosion in Japan that led to the imaginary conflict between Japan and the United States described by Hector Bywater in "The Great Pacific War." Mr. Bywater saw the authorities in Tokio deliberately resorting to war against a foreign Power in order to divert the attention of the people from desperate living conditions within the country. Something of the sort happened last autumn when Japanese troops marched into Manchuria. At least that is the conclusion reached by many economists and political students in Japan. Not long before the fall of Mukden on September 18, 1931, there were definite indications that the long-anticipated crisis in Japan's agricultural economy was at hand. The crops that season had been the poorest in five years; farm prices were falling at an alarming rate; the already burdensome debts of the farmers were mounting so fast that not only agriculture but the banks as well were shaking under the strain; the latent unrest among the peasants pointed the way to violent outbreaks, possibly to a social explosion. These signs were not apparent to everyone, but their real significance did not escape the militarists. Coming largely from landed families themselves, the militarists knew that despite the government-fostered industrial expansion of the last two generations Japan was still fundamentally an agricultural country, that its social peace and economic security, and indeed its principal food supply, still depended primarily upon the well-being and complacency of the hard-driven peasants. But like Mr. Bywater's imaginary war, the military diversion in Manchuria, if that was its purpose, failed to stem the spreading unrest. Today that unrest has taken on a distinctly revolutionary aspect, not necessarily in the sense that it is leading to a coup d'etat or a bloody civil war, though both may come, but because it now appears certain that only revolutionary reforms can really solve Japan's farm problem.

The struggle for existence has always been a grave one for the Japanese peasants. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries they seldom had enough food for themselves; the rice they raised went toward payment of taxes; they had to be content with the cheaper grains and potatoes that were left. According to one commentator, Matsuyo Takizawa:

> Multitudes of people died of hunger. Such a desperate situation drove the peasants to appeal to the lord, and when their appeals were not heard, furious riots broke out. In 1764 the peasants (of different provinces) united and attacked wealthy people in the vicinity and plundered rice and money from their storehouses. . . . There are over fifty local uprisings of peasants recorded in historical writings.

More recently, and especially in the last fifteen years, there has been increasing agitation among the peasants. The press has reported many attacks on the houses of landlords by impoverished tenants. Although it is difficult to organize the Japanese farmers for political action under normal circumstances, in the last few years peasant Socialist parties have arisen almost spontaneously among them. The tenant farmers are organizing themselves into unions, the membership of which is said to be "increasing at a notable pace." As a further gesture of revolt, the farmers in several localities have established their own schools for their children, and in consequence have been colliding with the state authorities. Petitions to the government and parliament for help have also greatly increased in number of late years. And the peasants have sought to dramatize their plight by

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mass-meetings and public demonstrations. An example of these was the march on Tokio undertaken by a large group of peasants in February, 1929, avowedly to advertise the need of "saving the poor farmers of Japan from starvation."

The financial, commercial, and industrial classes and the newspapers have paid little heed to these demonstrations. In this they have been less discerning than the militarists and fascists, who for many months have had organizers at work among the peasants. Within the last year, however, the farm crisis has become so acute, the demonstrations of the peasants have been so insistent, that the city dwellers and the press have finally awakened to the gravity of the situation. They are not greatly concerned over the personal suffering of the farmers; what distresses them is the likelihood that an agricultural collapse will undermine the banking system, and so threaten the whole national economy. The newspapers are devoting countless editorials and articles to the problem. The Osaka *Mainichi* recently asked: "How do the farmers meet these deficits, steadily accumulating and accelerating? Those who have daughters do so by selling them to brothels or by making them work in spinning mills; those who own farms, by giving them up." To which the *Weekly Chronicle* replied:

> The amount of relief to be got by abandoning a farm instead of continuing to work it cannot be very great. And it is reported that in these days there is a decided slump in the market for daughters. Debts increase, but the price obtainable for daughters decreases. As for having them work in filatures and cotton mills, trade is so bad that many girl workers find themselves under the necessity of returning home because the mills do not want them.

It was not until after the press campaign had been under way for months, in fact, not until after a monster petition for relief, signed by 110,000 farmers, had been sent to Tokio, that the present non-partisan government began to take seriously the reports that the agricultural crisis was really a grave matter for the country. The peasants asked for a three-year moratorium on farm debts, a state subsidy for fertilizers, and another subsidy to finance emigration to Manchuria and Mongolia. Official deputations were sent out to investigate the basis of these requests; local governors were asked to report upon actual conditions in their districts. On receipt of these reports, some of which were frankly sensational in describing living conditions among the farmers, the government was finally convinced of the wisdom of calling a special "farm-relief" session of the Diet. This session was convened on August 22, but the government took up most of the time in debating and defending its Manchurian policy and in criticizing the presence of the American fleet in the Pacific Ocean. Only a few million yen were voted for farm relief. Nor will the government lift a finger to help those who are actually starving on the farms. Throughout the summer the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry was flooded with petitions from peasants asking that rice be sold to them at reduced prices or be distributed free. But the officials replied that "the regulations do not allow sale in Japan at prices under the open market, and free distribution is absolutely banned."

The scarcity of tillable land, the pressure of a rapidly growing population, high tax rates made necessary by the state's desire to create a modern industrial system out of exceedingly poor material resources, and the inexorable law of diminishing returns have all contributed to the farm crisis. The first and the last are the most important of these factors. There is not sufficient arable land to give each farmer a plot large enough to support himself and his family. Far from having a surplus to sell for profit, he often cannot produce enough to meet his taxes or rent, to say nothing of supplying his own needs. The tenants, who make up approximately half the farmers, have the smallest plots of land, and so stand lowest in the agrarian scale. But even among the farmer-owners the problem is grave, for a majority of them have farms that are no more than an acre and a half in extent. To put it another way, there is one farmer for each nine-tenths of an acre of arable land in Japan, as compared with one farmer for each thirty-two acres of tillable land in the United States, for each sixteen acres in Denmark, six acres in France, and three acres in Italy. True, the Japanese have worked unexpected miracles by way of intensive cultivation, but now they are learning that no matter how much additional labor they expend, and no matter how much more fertilizer they use, the produce that can be wrung from one or two acres of land is definitely limited. More than that, intensive cultivation is beginning to bring increasingly diminishing returns. Rice is the principal farm product and the principal article of diet in Japan. From 1909 to 1919 the yield per acre of this crop was increased under improved methods of cultivation by about 18 per cent, but since 1920 there has been no increase whatever. Indeed, although the total acreage of cultivated land has been slightly expanded, the total rice production since 1928 has actually declined. Both labor and fertilizer cost money, and more of each is needed every year to keep up the yield. The cost of production is therefore going up, while farm prices have been going down. In a sense, then, the Japanese farm crisis is a capital crisis, for Japanese agriculture has now apparently reached the point where necessary additional capital expenditures eat up all the potential profits.

The rise of the silk industry saved the peasant for a time. Many farmers turned to sericulture some years ago when America began to buy silk in great quantities, although the tending of the cocoons meant many extra hours of labor at night for farmers and their families. In the opinion of some students of the Japanese population problem, had the farmers not been able to fall back upon the silk industry, "the increasing cost of producing a bushel of rice would have brought about a great social collapse." But the United States, having troubles of its own, is no longer buying silk in great quantities, and the price of that commodity has fallen almost perpendicularly: a 130-pound bale brought $700 on the Yokohama Silk Exchange three years ago; today the same bale brings from $150 to $200.

The farm crisis can be attributed not only to the scarcity of tillable land and the rising costs of production, but also, though in smaller measure, to the government's long-established policy of artificially stimulating industry by means of various kinds of subsidies. One result of this policy has been to saddle the landowners with taxes proportionately higher than those assessed against urban property-owners, and to use these taxes for the benefit of the cities rather than the rural districts. It was for years considered sound economic statesmanship to favor industrial corporations with absurdly low assessments, although until very recently the earnings of these corporate enterprises were extremely high.

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In 1929 the Tanaka Government sought to equalize the tax burden as between town and country, but the farmer still has to pay from two to three times as much in taxes as the city dweller. For example, a business man with an annual income of 1,200 yen is assessed approximately 10 per cent of that income, whereas the peasant with an equivalent income has to pay as much as 23 per cent. When the business man's income rises to 3,000 yen, he still pays no more than 12 per cent in taxes, but the landowner with that income has to pay approximately 30 per cent.

Another consequence of the state subsidy policy has been to raise the standard of living among the urban classes to a much higher level than that of the farm population. W. R. Crocker discusses this in "The Japanese Population Problem," in which he writes as follows:

> Wage-earners in the town are better off than the tillers of the fields. This is a disparity that would foment discontent and unrest at any time; today . . . it is a disparity that rankles deeply. The peasants are literate and are open to the appeal of the written word. . . . They are breathing in the subtle air of new standards, and at the same time are self-conscious spectators of their own inferior conditions. . . . It is irrelevant to urge that they are not less fortuned than their forefathers.

On the one hand, the peasant has a natural desire to achieve as nearly as his resources will permit the standard of living obtaining in the cities. On the other, because of the increasing use in Japan of modern advertising and salesmanship, he is under constant pressure to buy manufactured products from the city. Together, these factors have resulted in making the average Japanese farm less self-contained than it was before the revolution of 1868. The early domestic crafts have all but disappeared; the rural household no longer produces all that it consumes; it must buy many things from the city, especially clothing. Inevitably the peasant's hardships are now multiplied when he falls upon evil times.

The peasant cannot remedy his position by acquiring new land, for there is no idle land to be had. Nor can he help himself by more intensive methods of cultivation, for that is costly and will yield him no greater returns. His taxes, or rent, are extremely high, and these take a large part of his crop. What is left goes for interest charges on his loans and the purchase of fertilizers. If he meets these charges, he has nothing left with which to feed himself and his family. In ever-growing numbers, according to the Tokio *Nichi Nichi,* the farmers are compelled to borrow for consumption purposes, to buy food and clothing; and the interest they must pay on such loans is exorbitant, often running as high as 14 per cent. In consequence, the indebtedness of the farmers is mounting at the rate of 1,000,000,000 yen annually. In July the total farm indebtedness stood at 6,000,000,000 yen, which at the normal rate of exchange is equivalent to $3,000,000,000. This amounts to an average of 8,000 yen, or approximately $4,000, per farm family. If the government cannot or will not help the farmer, he must either withhold his tax and interest payments, which would certainly precipitate a new financial panic, or else meet these payments and starve himself and his family. That, however, is only the immediate problem. It does not take into consideration the permanent difficulty of Japanese agriculture—the threatened exhaustion of the land, the rapidly rising costs of production, the inescapable fact that Japan has about reached the point where it can no longer feed itself.

Japanese business men and newspapers at the moment are talking of the problem in terms of relief. Many relief schemes are being advocated, but only four have been seriously considered in official quarters. The first would provide direct government loans without security to the farmers; the second would reduce the rate of interest on unpaid tax assessments and on other obligations to the government that may be in arrears; the third would create a program of public-works construction to stimulate employment, and thus increase the purchasing power of the workers; the fourth would seek to raise the price of agricultural products by a higher tariff and by government purchase of surplus supplies of rice. It is doubtful whether any of the money involved in direct advances to the peasants would ever reach them. In the past the creditors of the farmers, and they are numerous beyond counting, have always been quick to appropriate such relief advances for themselves, leaving to the farmers nothing but the expense of obtaining the loans. The second plan would do little more than postpone the day of reckoning, for the interest due the government is small in amount compared with the total indebtedness of the farmers. A public-works program would help, but the relief would be only temporary, and the cost of the construction would greatly increase the already large deficit of the government. Higher tariffs would certainly help the Japanese farmer no more than they have helped the American farmer, while the proposed plan to control the price of rice through government purchase is no more likely to prove successful than was our own experiment in trying to stabilize grain and cotton prices through the Federal Farm Board.

The government is disturbed more by reports of unrest in the rural provinces than it is by actual evidence of starvation. It is watching very closely the growth of radicalism among the farmers. Not long ago the police bureau of the Home Office instructed the local governors to make regular reports on radical activities and agitation in their respective prefectures. More recently a government spokesman declared that it was the intention of the authorities "to suppress the agrarian movement, should attempts be made to attain the end in view by recourse to illegal acts, no matter what the motives of the agitators." Whether or not the government is justified in its fear of radicalism among the farmers, it appears that the agricultural crisis may lead to revolutionary changes in Japan. Kaku Mori, chief secretary of the last Seiyukai (Conservative) Cabinet, addressing the special farm-relief session of the Diet, declared:

> I am not an advocate of national socialism, but I hold that the state should have more control over industry. When a farmer raises a crop of rice, the government by means of a monopoly should see that the price covers his living expenses. . . . The state should control the monetary organs and many other industries, such as shipping and fishing. But present methods of administration can do nothing. Extraordinary measures in which the army and the politicians cooperate are needed. . . . Bold measures, even at the cost of a temporary suspension of the present constitutional system, offer the only remedy.

It is significant that such views should be expressed by one of the most influential leaders of the largest political party in Japan.

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Will Pennsylvania Go Democratic?

By THOMAS E. WILLIAMS

Harrisburg, October 26

WILL Republican Pennsylvania go Democratic on November 8? The politicians, both Republican and Democratic, would like to know the answer to that question. It is difficult to visualize a political upheaval that would cause the great industrial State of Pennsylvania to turn its back on the G. O. P. Nevertheless, there is a portentous undercurrent of anxiety in Republican circles.

Since 1856, when James Buchanan, the only Pennsylvanian to occupy the White House, was elected, Pennsylvania has not gone Democratic in a Presidential year; only twice since 1860 has it elected a Democratic Governor—once in 1882 and again in 1890; and only once in seventy-six years has it torn loose from its strong Republican moorings in a Presidential year. That was in 1912, when Theodore Roosevelt swept the State with his Bull Moose movement. In the last two Presidential elections Pennsylvania gave the Republican nominees a plurality of almost 1,000,000 over their Democratic rivals. President Hoover four years ago polled 2,055,382 votes in the State, while Governor Alfred E. Smith polled 1,067,586, the largest vote ever polled by any Democratic candidate in Pennsylvania.

Four years ago thousands of voters cast their ballots, not for Hoover, but against Smith. This year, if talk on the street corners and the ominous looks on the faces of Republican workers are any indication, thousands of Republican voters in Pennsylvania are going to vote, not for Roosevelt, but against Hoover. Many things are responsible for the political uncertainty in the Keystone State this Presidential year. First, Pennsylvania has more than one million and a quarter unemployed, some of whom have been jobless for a long period. Second, the almost impregnable State Republican organization, welded together by the Camerons, Quay, and Penrose, like the old gray mare in the song, "ain't what she used to be." Third, Governor Gifford Pinchot, dispenser of much State patronage, is not supporting President Hoover and is taking no hand in the campaign. Fourth, Joseph R. Grundy, former chief collector of campaign funds, which he obtained largely from the manufacturers, has remained discreetly in the background, leaving the filling of the party war chest to someone else. Fifth, William S. Vare, Republican leader of Philadelphia, having received no help from President Hoover when the United States Senate rejected Vare's credentials for membership in that body, is exerting himself little in behalf of the Hoover candidacy. These and many other complications have given a different aspect to Pennsylvania politics this year and have endowed Democratic leaders, always hopeful when the fight grows hot, with a cocksureness they have not displayed since 1912.

The Camerons, Simon and Donald, father and son, were the creators of the Republican organization which has held Pennsylvania tightly in its grip since the Civil War. Matthew Stanley Quay and Boies Penrose followed in the footsteps of the Camerons, cementing together more strongly the component parts of the invisible government known as the Republican State organization, and tearing down the bulwarks of the Democracy. During decades of defeat, disappointment, and disaster the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania has somehow managed to retain a loyal following. Sold out at times in the past, at other times counted out, the party has nevertheless continued to roll up a Democratic vote bigger than that cast by most of the States in the Solid South. Through all the years of adversity it has managed to keep the State organization functioning; and though it is at best hardly more than a guerilla band compared with the rival Republican organization it can always be rallied to do battle when there are prospects of a good fight. Though handicapped by lack of funds, it has never failed to raise an army of volunteers in its hour of need. This year, for the first time in its history, it finds itself opposed to a financially embarrassed Republican organization.

The decline in prestige of the Republican organization, accustomed under Quay and Penrose to big expenditures and victory, began after the death of Penrose in 1921. Twice since the passing of Penrose the Republican organization has suffered defeat in a Republican primary election, both times at the hands of Gifford Pinchot, Progressive Republican, who won the gubernatorial nomination in 1922 and again in 1930. Penrose was hardly dead when the fight over his mantle of leadership began. The mantle was almost torn to shreds in the struggle, which culminated in the slush-fund fight in the Republican primary of 1926. The Mellons, aided substantially by the cash collections of Joseph R. Grundy in that conflict, came into the ascendancy in Pennsylvania politics. Subsequently the rejection of William S. Vare by the United States Senate added to their power. But their direct reign was short-lived. They found that running the politics of Pennsylvania was too costly a plaything, and retired behind the scenes to continue their rule by proxy.

Even before the Mellons effaced themselves, the Republican organization showed signs of slipping. Lacking the capacity for leadership, the brains, the backbone, and, what is more important, the money which in the days of Quay and Penrose had made it almost impregnable, the Republican State organization has kept going since Penrose's death mostly on the momentum of the overwhelming Republican sentiment in the State. Now the confidence of Pennsylvania in Republican prosperity has been shattered under Hoover, and the morale of Republican workers, bolstered up in other days by the prodigal liberality of Quay and Penrose, has sagged under the Scotch methods of the present-day managers of the organization.

What is worse, the Republican campaign managers have nowhere to turn for funds this year, even if they were inclined to be liberal. All over Pennsylvania mills and factories are idle, and their owners cannot be expected to contribute what they do not have. Under a regular Republican Governor State office-holders can be counted on to provide campaign revenues. They contributed more than $300,000 for the Republican campaign four years ago. But this year Governor Pinchot will not permit the organization to assess

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the jobholders for "voluntary contributions." Faced by dissension among the thousands of unemployed, harassed by the disintegration of once powerful county organizations because there is no dominating central figure to hold them in line, and disorganized by the loss of the governor's office with its vast patronage, the managers of the Republican organization are hoping desperately that Pennsylvania voters will continue Republican.

Meanwhile the Democratic leaders, aware of a great unrest among the voters, are hoping for a Democratic miracle on election day. Militant wets in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and in the more populous urban areas in the mining sections distrust Hoover's last-minute conversion to their cause, while the drys in the strictly rural districts of the State resent his desertion of the dry principle. Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, the two big cities in which Republican majorities are counted upon when the party is faced with a fight, may not—in fact are not expected to—rally to Republicanism this year as they have in other years. Republican organization workers in both of the big cities frankly admit they will not have the money to get the vote out this year. In the rural districts canvassers of both parties report a strong anti-Hoover sentiment. Warren Van Dyke, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, says Pennsylvania certainly will go Democratic this year, but gives no figures. General Edward Martin, chairman of the Republican State Committee, says Pennsylvania will give Hoover a big majority, but gives no figures. Past performances favor General Martin. But the depression is still here. Figure it out for yourself.

Revolt in the Far Northwest

By EARL WRIGHT SHIMMONS

ALTHOUGH California achieved the credit and glory of being the pivotal State in the election of 1916, Washington also in late returns piled up the necessary margin of votes to win the battle for Woodrow Wilson. At most it could have been said that the election hung on Washington and California. As President Hoover's home State, California is again in the limelight this year. But again it is Washington which may swing the balance in case there is a close race between the industrial East and the agricultural South and West. The battle in Washington as in California is a mixed affair, but the cleavage shows the standpatters lined up behind the Republican banner and the liberals and progressives for the most part supporting the Democratic ticket. The reason for this is that the liberals invaded the Democratic primaries and captured the nominations for United States Senator, Congressman from the Seattle district, and a few other key positions from the old-line Democratic politicians.

In 1922, with the aid of the railroad unions, the farmers' State Grange, and an admiring women's-club dry vote, Clarence C. Dill, ex-Congressman from Spokane, defeated the powerful Miles Poindexter running for reelection as United States Senator. A young Tacoma attorney, running for the legislature on the ticket of the Farmer-Labor Party, was instrumental in making a last-minute deal with Democratic leaders of southwestern Washington whereby Farmer-Labor and Nonpartisan League votes were thrown to Dill in exchange for Democratic votes for a Democrat running for Governor on the Farmer-Labor ticket. This Tacoma attorney was Homer T. Bone. Bone is now the Democratic nominee for Senator, challenging the strongly intrenched Senator Wesley L. Jones. The latter, a professional dry and author of the "five-and-ten" act, is now chairman of the powerful Appropriations Committee. Washington has obtained a good share of federal money through Senator Jones's influence, and the standpat press of the State, at the behest of various chambers of commerce, is backing Jones and Hoover.

While Senator Dill specialized on radio, fathering national broadcasting legislation and supporting progressive measures in general, Bone was becoming an expert in the problem of water power. Thanks in part to Bone's dynamic campaigning, his home town of Tacoma owns its own hydroelectric-power system and sells electricity at the lowest rates in America, at the same time making a substantial profit. Bone has often been called upon by the supporters of Seattle's municipal power plant to help them in their fight to develop the great Skagit River project. Two years ago when the younger business interests of Portland gave battle to the power trust, Bone helped them elect the public-ownership candidate for Governor of Oregon.

After working his way through law school and passing the State bar examination, Bone first became known as a labor attorney. Later he became chief counsel for the Port of Tacoma, from which position he recently resigned. He plunged into politics early as a Socialist Party candidate. In 1912 the Socialist Party of Washington was one of the most militant in the country and the strongest in proportion to population. Bone fought under the Socialist banner until the party had practically disappeared and then, in 1922, swung to the Farmer-Labor Party. When that liberal group faded from the political stage he became a Progressive Republican. Several times he ran against the veteran lumber-trust Congressman, Albert Johnson of Hoquiam. The power trust defeated him on one occasion by stopping the street-car system of Tacoma when workingmen were returning home to vote for Bone.

This year he started campaigning early. With adroit feints he joined the new Liberal Party, headed by "Coin" Harvey, an old-time Populist, then switched to a temporary organization calling itself Progressive Republican, and at the last minute suddenly filed for Senator on the Democratic ticket. Under the laws of Washington a voter can enter the primaries of any party. While maneuvering to outwit the power-trust-controlled Old Guard of both the Republican and the Democratic Party Bone toured the State in an old automobile with his campaign manager, Saul Haas. Haas was formerly a newspaper correspondent covering the legis-

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lature and managing editor of the late Seattle *Union Record*. Cards were distributed asking support for Bone but not stating which position he would file for or on which ticket. Thousands of these cards were signed and returned to him as requested on the day after his address. The Citizens' Unemployed Councils of Tacoma and Seattle added their indorsements, also the standard railroad labor organizations. As a result, when Bone entered the Democratic primaries, although, as was charged by his old-line rival, Stephen Chadwick of Seattle, he may have failed to bring "any hay for the donkey," he did bring 60,000 progressive votes.

The official count showed a total primary vote of 427,944. The Democratic Party smashed all previous records. In a four-cornered race Bone received 98,094 votes, Chadwick being second with 47,817. Senator Jones made no primary campaign but was renominated by the Republicans over a strong rival with a vote of 118,249. On receiving news of the big Democratic success in Washington, Governor Roosevelt changed his Western itinerary to include Seattle. His reception in Seattle was the most enthusiastic given him up to then in his Western tour. Steered by Senator Dill, Roosevelt "welcomed" Bone as a liberal into the Democratic ranks; while Dill indorsed Marion Zioncheck, a recently naturalized citizen backed by the Seattle Unemployed Citizens' League, as the Democratic nominee for Congress from Seattle.

This was too much for Chadwick and some of the other stalwarts who had upheld the Democratic banner for years in Washington. Over the radio Chadwick announced that he could not support the interloping opportunist and "radical," Bone. When Hearst purchased the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* in 1922, the Seattle *Times* switched its politics overnight. The *Times* now denounced Bone for doing the same thing. It endeavored to explain its refusal to support Bone and Zioncheck by asserting that they were "radicals." The *Times* even denounced Mr. Roosevelt, whom it had been supporting, for indorsing Bone. Since then, under pressure from the power and lumber trusts, it has veered farther and now practically supports Hoover. During the primary campaign the *Times* refrained from attacking Governor Ronald A. Hartley, running for a third term on the Republican ticket, because its mud-slinging campaign against him four years ago was generally considered the cause of his reelection. Bone says he is glad the *Times* has come out against him as he believes its opposition will bring him 50,000 votes. Hearst's *Post-Intelligencer,* which did much to elect Senator Dill, supported an American Legion candidate for Senator in the Democratic primaries, but has since come out for Bone in his fight for public ownership of water power. The Scripps-Canfield papers in Seattle, Tacoma, and Spokane are also giving Bone good support.

The standpat Republicans and the Chadwick Democrats supporting Senator Jones hope to stave off a Democratic landslide by encouraging minority parties to pull liberal and radical votes away from Bone and Zioncheck. The Socialists have again established a State office, and when Norman Thomas was in Seattle, the *Times* obtained statements from him criticizing Bone for running on the Democratic ticket. The Liberty Party, a newcomer, with many Socialist planks and a soldier-bonus and fiat-money plank, is being given liberal space by the Spokane *Spokesman-Review,* the Baker papers of Tacoma, and other Republican organs.

With the Olympic and Cascade mountain chains and the Columbia and Snake rivers within its borders Washington has about one-seventh of the potential water power of the country. Its timber is being rapidly logged off and the fishing industry is declining. Its progressive-minded population is being forced to look to the development of irrigation projects in the "inland empire" and to cheap hydroelectric energy for industrial prosperity in its cities. The Stone-Webster power interests, with an investment of $100,000,000 to protect, have for many years led the lobbyists of the special interests at Olympia. With the aid of "cow-county" legislators, who were promised appropriations for good roads, and by utilizing Spokane's jealousy of Seattle, the lobby has blocked municipal-power bills introduced by Seattle and Tacoma members. The Bone power bill, allowing municipal plants of first-class cities to sell surplus power to suburban towns in competition with private companies, was thus defeated in 1924. An initiative bill known as the Grange power measure, of which Bone was joint author, was passed by a large majority in the 1930 election.

The Insull crash has supplied to Bone plenty of fresh ammunition with which to bombard the power interests. Senator Jones, who, Bone charges, is a friend of the private power companies, has been forced to take the stump and defend his record, although he is now old and ill. Jones is waving the flag and calling on Hoover. Bone alleges that Jones acted as yes-man of the Insull interests in voting to confirm Roy O. West, Insull attorney, as Secretary of the Interior in President Coolidge's Cabinet, and also in voting to shift the 3 per cent light-and-gas-bill tax from the power companies to the backs of the consumers. Jones also voted against the soldiers' bonus, and Bone does not forget to bring that up. On the dry issue, Jones has been forced to shift his stand to conform with the Republican platform. Bone is also a dry but is not opposed to resubmission. Jones is now trying to get his boyhood friend, Senator Borah, to come to Washington and indorse him as a progressive. If Borah comes, it will be at the eleventh hour and may not save Jones. If his voice permits, Senator Norris will speak for Bone in Seattle.

When the Reconstruction Finance Corporation turned down Seattle's application for a loan to continue construction work on its Skagit power plant, Mayor John F. Dore, Republican, threw his support to Bone and welcomed Governor Roosevelt. Apparently something happened then in Washington, D. C., for the R. F. C. soon granted Seattle a loan of $1,491,000 to improve its municipal water system. The Farm Loan Board has also been very lenient to the poverty-stricken farmers of the State. The Seattle *Times* points out how much assistance Senator Jones has obtained for the Bremerton Navy Yard and holds out the promise of more appropriations for steady work if Jones is reelected.

That Washington voters, normally Republican, know how to split their votes was shown in 1928, when Hoover carried the State by 170,000 while Senator Dill was reelected on the Democratic ticket by a majority of 44,000. Since the primaries, city registration has smashed all records, especially in Seattle, where there was a jump of 35,000. Many of the newcomers are said to be subsisting on city and county charity. Judging by these and other indications, it begins to look as if Washington would slip into the Democratic column.

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Sherwood Anderson: The Search for Salvation*

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

ANDERSON became Anderson when Dante became Dante—"midway in the journey of this life." He was about thirty-five when he heard his "Tolle, lege" and saw the vision on the road to Damascus. Before this crucial event, from which his entire life derives its significance, his career had been, in terms of outward events, essentially meaningless.

About 1910 we find him president of his own paint-manufacturing concern in Elyria, Ohio. He is a middle-class American business man. One afternoon he stops dictating to his secretary, utters a farrago of strange phrases, and walks out of the office. He never returns. From this point on his life is pretty much the history of his books. That single release of energy has furnished him with the impetus for sixteen publications written over a period of as many years.

The story of Anderson's "conversion" has been told often, particularly by Anderson himself. It is the central dramatic situation which recurs, under subtle disguises, in "Many Marriages," in "Windy McPherson's Son," in "Out of Nowhere into Nothing," in "Dark Laughter," in "Beyond Desire." He is obsessed with the experience of sudden self-discovery, the single moment in which the subconscious rises up to enforce its demands upon the total personality. The dramatization of this moment is his major contribution to the interpretation of American life. For no matter what mystic personal jargon he may wrap it in, the experience he describes is common among middle-aged business men who are only outwardly adjusted to their routines.

The mind of the average male American falls asleep as he emerges into maturity. It lives of course an underground existence, but its chances for emotional expression are few. It has to wait for an opportunity. Business worries and the construction of the bourgeois façade divert its energies. Then, perhaps at forty, the façade is complete. The specter of business failure is exorcised. The American has a chance to take stock, to confront himself as a human being. Immediately all the emotional confusion and self-searching which at twenty were petrified by the Medusa head of commercial ambition come alive. The personality makes frantic efforts to adjust itself. Usually the code of the class operates automatically. Society says: "No nonsense now. Play golf. Keep on making money. Live with your wife, even if it is a bore. Business as usual." After a temporary spree of the sentiments, the average male surrenders. A considerable number, however, never do, and continue their adolescence from the point at which it had been abandoned. Some are quite conscious of the whole mechanism. "Won't I ever grow up?" John Webster asks himself in "Many Marriages"; and when Anderson in "Mid-American Chants" speaks of himself as "a confused child in a confused world" he is using no mere figure of speech.

As the confusion of the seventeen-year-old was largely sexual, one expects the confusion of the forty-year-old to be sexual also. Hence the large part which sex plays in Anderson's stories and novels. This is not due to any personal obsession, as his early critics unfairly contended, but to the phenomenon of reemergent adolescence. Anderson's middle-aged heroes fall in love pretty much as do boys, except that he has dressed up their affairs with a little watered Lawrence and misty introspection. The adolescent loves on a narcistic level. He falls in love with himself and with his ability to feel lust. As we should expect, John Webster, at thirty-eight, falls in love in much the same way. The whole mystifying erotic verbiage of "Many Marriages" is reducible to the formula of narcism. A woman is a receptacle for Webster's stored-up libido, nothing more. She is useful as a means of rediscovering his ego, of transporting him back to the fevers and fervors of adolescence.

This rediscovery in middle age, expressed primarily in terms of sexual behavior, is the key to an understanding of Anderson, as it is the key to an understanding of the whole American experience he represents. It explains the peculiar nature of Anderson's "confusion," so frequently referred to, which is not at all similar to the turbulence of, let us say, Thomas Wolfe, or to the simple immaturity of Glenway Wescott. It explains the qualities of Anderson's art and it explains, I believe, why that art has lost much of its appeal and has not developed quite as we all once hoped it would.

To me the most important fact about his career is that his first book appeared when he was forty. It was difficult to learn after forty. He needed badly the apprenticeship which most writers go through in their twenties and thirties. After forty, men do not usually write because they are writers. They write because they are bothered, upset; because writing offers an escape from a disturbing reality or because it seems to provide a method of clarifying their personal problems. Thus the softness and sentimentality of Anderson's work is not that of youthful confusion—which may be succeeded by clarity and order—but of middle-aged bewilderment, the bewilderment of a mature man who has suddenly been forced to think.

This bewilderment expresses itself through two complementary experiences which are also the type-experiences of the post-war generation for which Anderson speaks. The first experience is that of the search for salvation, for some formula or interest or activity which will fill with reality a life suddenly rendered meaningless. In the case of Anderson, the quest was futile from the start. He was at its inception intellectually unprepared. He was incapable of making clear comparisons of values. He sought an *individual* resolution of a problem which was bound up with American society as a whole. His characters—and his characters are split-off sections of himself—go around looking for truth as if it were something tangible. But truth, in Anderson's sense—for by

* The second of a series of articles by Mr. Fadiman on American novelists.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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truth he means harmonious adjustment to one's total environment—is elusive. It is elusive because the entire society through which Anderson passes in his quest is a tissue of lies. Many now believe that as that society is changed to conform to the needs of all instead of to the greeds of a few, the individual's "truth" will gradually emerge. It will appear, not, as Anderson thought, through the self-regeneration of the individual, but through the regeneration of society as a whole. Up to very recently Anderson has been unable to perceive this. His search for salvation was a one-man affair. Consequently he has passed from one panacea to another; and as fast as these panaceas have proved unsatisfactory, he has staged a retreat or—what amounts to the same thing—a rationalization of his dissatisfaction. These two movements —the search for salvation and the retreat before experience—work through all his books. Sometimes one follows upon the other, sometimes they are present simultaneously.

If we examine his curious career, always turning in upon itself, strangely devoid of straight-line development, of deepening, of increased clarity, we are driven to the conclusion that while Anderson has, since 1916, learned a good deal about the art of writing, he is no more equipped now than he was then to synthesize and interpret American experience in its relation to himself. He came face to face with himself too late. His crucial conversion in his middle thirties caused such a violent upset as to preclude a complete orientation. And at the same time it gave him a peculiar blindness toward all attempts made by others at a careful solution, whether in terms of art or science, of life's problems. He says: "Critics are always abusing me because of my confusion. If they have themselves a solution for the difficulties of life, why do they not tell the rest of us about it? I admit my own confusion about money, government, sex, all kinds of relationships. Does this seem naive? It does not seem to me a sign of sophistication to accept the easy worn-out solutions always being handed out." Of course, in the face of this statement several thousand years of intellectual progress disappear into thin air. If you feel life as something to be encountered *de novo* every morning, you are not likely to achieve a solution to any of its problems—or even to see those problems clearly. You will be in the end reduced to that simple nihilism to which Anderson has frequently been perilously close. Has he not said: "After all, there must be something amateurish about this notion that anyone can ever do anything about life"? He seems at times hypnotized by the magical ease with which one can mutter to oneself: "It's all too complicated. Life is life. You can't change it. What does it matter?" This is an attitude natural to a person who has tried to "do something about life" in an explosive and exaggerated manner, as Anderson did. His confrontation of life was so violent that it set up new conflicts in him which he was not equipped to resolve.

There were two methods of dealing with this situation. The first and simplest was to rationalize his disorder, make a virtue out of it, capitalize his naivete. (This he has done with considerable success; some of his finest literary achievements are nothing but triumphant dramatizations of his most bewildered moods.) The second was to stage a series of evasions, retreats before the overcomplicated spectacle of contemporary American life. If you cannot save your soul here and now, remove it, by a feat of legerdemain, somewhere else where the problem of salvation has no meaning. Though in Anderson the technique of retreat is not worked out consciously and efficiently, as with Hergesheimer or Cabell, it is not impossible to analyze it.

The simplest way of interpreting Anderson from the sociological point of view is to see him as a sentimental rebel against industrialism. Industrialism was one of the factors that conspired to produce his own emotional climacteric. He hates it; and particularly he hates it because it is ugly. His reaction toward it is that of the sentimental aesthete rather than of the militant radical. As alternatives to the horrors of industrialism he yearns for "song," "truth," "craftsmanship." His entire attack on modern American capitalist culture is reminiscent of the William Morris socialism of two generations ago. Thus he evades the problem by seeing only one side of it—for surely ugliness is only one, and perhaps the least, of the symptoms of the sickness of an acquisitive society.

But his evasion takes a more active form in his idealizing of preindustrialist pioneer America. Anderson believes —and there is surely a grain of truth in the idea—that before the factory came, there was a feeling, especially in the Middle West, "that America had something real and spiritual to offer to the rest of the world." He thinks of the American topography of that day as "clean and natural and noble," and his fancies fill it with splendid, salty democrats who worked with their hands—just as the sentimental eighteenth-century Frenchman filled the South Seas and the North American continent with noble savages. One can measure the force of this emotion in Anderson by the childish ferocity with which he reacts against it in his recent "Perhaps Women": "I am sick of that self in me, that self in me, that self in me, that would not live in my own age."

Closely related to the retreat to the past is another escape-mechanism in Anderson which might be called the Huck Finn dream. Every American business man has it. It becomes particularly persistent during the dangerous middle years and was one of the factors, again, that caused Anderson's rebellion. The Huck Finn dream is simply the dream of a tired man, the vision of idleness, Whitman's desire "to loaf and invite my soul." Anderson's characters are not really in active rebellion against American life; rather they impress us as being tired of it. They need a long fishing trip. And as a matter of fact, that is what Bruce Dudley in "Dark Laughter" goes after in his search for his Mississippi paradise. Just as Hugh McVey represents the success dream, so Dudley represents the idleness dream hidden within the heart of the successful business man. All Anderson's heroes run away *from* something, to a state of comparative rest, rather than *toward* something, to a state of action.

True idleness, true calm, is found only in boyhood when one really rests because one is not resting *from* anything. It is natural, then, that Anderson should write best of his own early years. It is when he is in a mood of reminiscence that he is most moving and lucid. "Winesburg, Ohio," though the characters were suggested by his neighbors in a Chicago rooming-house, is conceived in this mood of reminiscence. So are the best stories in "Horses and Men." So are the finest sections in "A Story-Teller's Story" and "Tar." His masterpieces are, beyond a doubt, the three or four tales of the American race track of the Pop Geers era. These stories come right out of his boyhood and are set down clearly and perfectly, without rhetoric or fumbling or

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moralizing. When Anderson escapes to his own childhood and frankly gives up modern civilization as a bad job, he writes with conviction and unmatchable delicacy.

Anderson has found refuge in his boyhood, in fantasy worlds, in the past—but the shelter which he has most constantly made use of is that supplied by writing itself. In his notion of the artist as an individual set apart from the world Anderson has discovered his most soothing consolation. The entire myth of Bohemia which today seems so absurdly anachronistic has a natural attraction for Anderson. He becomes a writer suddenly, as a mature, middle-aged man. Reacting over-violently against his former life, he exalts the role of the artist, broods upon it, plays with it, isolates it as far as possible from his previous mundane experience. He has all the sentimental enthusiasm of a recent convert. He likes to rejoice in his new-found freedom by uttering such bold words as "A good artist is as unmoral as a dog." He lays down the law flatly: "An artist is an artist. He isn't anything else." The artist has special privileges: "As regards human relationships, I am of course muddle-headed. How could I be anything else, being both an artist and an American?" He uses colorful phrases—"Art is something out beyond reality, a fragrance touching the reality of things through the fingers of a humble man filled with love"—to dress up his own conception of himself as a very special sort of person. His whole inflated attitude is clearly a compensatory adjustment, a special technique of evasion, a method of consoling himself for his failure to achieve the salvation he has earnestly and painfully sought.

Anderson is so honest about his own shortcomings, so sincere, so clumsily anxious to show us exactly how his books came to be, that it is far, far too easy for the critic writing today to draw up a bill of complaints. His reputation is clearly not as high as it was, let us say, in 1925. There is none of that feverish excitement which used to greet his books. Like Dreiser he seems to be slipping into literary history. But like Dreiser he has made certain undeniable contributions to American fiction and to the interpretation of American life. He has written—he must be tired of hearing this, but it is the truth—a half-dozen stories that will live along with the best short tales of Melville and Poe and Hawthorne and James. His race-track stories are perfect: read them fifty times and they will still give you that legitimate catch in the throat by which one may recognize moving art.

And "Winesburg" remains: one of his earliest books, it is still, I think, his best. It is, for the most part, beautifully written; but more than that it is a revelation of America which is still, after almost fifteen years, full of significance. It has the same kind of importance as "Main Street," of which, indeed, it is the complement. Just as "Main Street" exposes the tragedy of the complacent and the fit, the Kennicotts who are in harmony with the environment they have created, so "Winesburg" exposes the tragedy of the misfits, the mutterers, the crazy rebels, the hall-bedroom brooders, the mad doctors, all the human material which has been distorted and degraded in order that Babbitt might be Babbitt. These sex-starved, life-starved, unbalanced Americans are the non-useful by-products of an industrial process which sees human beings merely as tools. There they huddle together, in Winesburg, Ohio, or in the squalor of Twenty-third Street lodging-houses, gregarious but unsocial, drowned in stark solitude of soul. Though not as immediately recognizable as Sinclair Lewis's characters, they are true and important American types, and no one else, unless it be William Faulkner, has portrayed them so clearly and powerfully as has Sherwood Anderson. It is a solid achievement.

But what will give Anderson a lasting place in the history of our literature is the fact that he symbolizes a whole period of self-discovery. He was a kind of Rousseau daring to stake all on his own personality, to question it, reveal it. It was, in 1916, a daring thing to do; the whole region of the subjective was almost *terra incognita* among American novelists. Anderson, by exposing himself, broke the ice. He filled others with courage, lent authority to the mood of rebellion. His attack on the Puritan denial of sexual experience, despite all its mystical flummery, was at bottom the brave gesture of a true and simple man. It was a gesture full of generative power.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter cannot allow the Presidential campaign of this year of disgrace to pass into history without expressing a hope that never again shall there be a political contest at once so pointless and so bedeviled with points. Nobody has been able to state a program, discuss a problem, or even make a promise except in points. Herbert Roosevelt has unrolled an eight-point program for railroad recovery at Coronado Beach, California, and Franklin Hoover has retaliated at Old Orchard, Maine, with a ten-point promise of a farmers' paradise. The wets have sassed the drys in fifteen points and the drys have sassed them back in seventeen. Whereas politicians used to "point with pride," and let it go at one point, they dare not express any sentiment now in less than eight or ten points for fear of waking up next morning and discovering that their rivals have outpointed them.

* * * * *

UNFORTUNATELY there is nothing in the rise of the point system of campaigning to inspire the American citizen. It is only a new wrapper for the old boloney. A program which doesn't mean anything can sometimes be made quite impressive if stated in twelve points, and if one uses enough numerals with which to swaddle one's promises, it is easy to slip in a joker somewhere among them without attracting too much attention. Thus it is possible for Herbert Roosevelt to promise the farmers higher prices for their produce in nine points, and in the tenth to conclude casually that of course none of the methods proposed is to be carried out in such a way as to raise the price of food to the consumer. So, too, Franklin Hoover can mesmerize his audience with twelve points for controlling the public utilities, with the off-hand proviso somewhere that no action is to be taken which will disturb the sacred American principle of private initiative and ownership. It takes a steady-headed voter to keep in mind that although promising is nine points in a campaign, possession is still nine points of the law.

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UNLESS memory is at fault (and usually it is), there is a protuberance on the Alaskan coast which the geographers have allowed to be called Point No Point. It should be the ideal habitat for most of the political philosophy of the campaign of 1932. If the point system is to continue in another campaign, it might be well to study as a guide the constitution of the Bingtown Rifles, a military company organized some years ago in Ohio. The constitution consisted of two articles:

> Article I. This organization shall be known as the Bingtown Rifles.
>
> Article II. In case of war this organization shall automatically be disbanded.

So, too, the many-pointed though pointless programs of the 1932 campaign might be simplified and condensed into two points to read as follows:

Point 1. I promise you everything you want and a cash bonus of $1.50 besides.

Point 2. In case of election, Point 1 is to be regarded as null and void. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In the Sunny South

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Down here in the Old Dominion, where Jefferson's democracy is no longer anything save words in a Baptist politician's vocabulary, there's some pleasant little incident every day. Recently the ladies of the Virginia Congress of Parents and Teachers forced the resignation of their president, Mrs. D. W. Persinger, of Roanoke, because she confessed her allegiance to Mr. Norman Thomas. In the sunny South it's not even safe to be a Republican; and a citizen who professes socialism is about as safe as a public-school teacher who has agnostic leanings or an inclination to make Negroes out of niggers.

Danville, Va., October 25 JULIAN R. MEADE

Devere Allen's Position

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While my economic views are scarcely of cosmic importance, Mr. G. C. Edgar has done me no service and has flattered himself as a political observer not at all when he refers to me, in his article on Connecticut politics in *The Nation* of October 26, as a "liberal progressive" of the same "general outlook" as Professor Milton Conover of Yale, candidate for the United States Senate on the ticket of the Independent Republican Party.

As a matter of fact, I happen to believe that liberals and progressives have demonstrated their basic futility in our past and present crises; and except in one talk which was greatly restricted in time, I have never failed to stress the more radical economic portions of the Socialist platform and to call for revolutionary, though non-violent, abolition of the profit system and the socialization of economic and cultural life by a combination of the ballot and labor solidarity.

You may be interested to know that the mood of Connecticut's electorate has sent crowds in excess of all our expectations to listen to these ideas and to consider them with a tolerance and sympathy hitherto unknown—which may account for the place Connecticut holds in the straw votes as the leading State with respect to the proportion of Thomas ballots. Mr. Edgar is quite right in attributing the greatest Socialist strength to Bridgeport and its Socialist leader, Jasper McLevy, a man whose capacity should long ago have been nationally known. But I think he has underestimated the extent to which socialism has been penetrating even the small towns, and for rural old-party leaders the election will bring some genuine surprises.

Wilton, Conn., October 26 DEVERE ALLEN

Cowardice and Folly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Herbert Hoover holds the President's office at a time that is far more critical and dangerous than any previous period of our history. He is as well informed in regard to the problems confronting the country as any other one man. Yet he has failed utterly in political and moral leadership.

Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce in 1921, called the President's Conference on Unemployment and acted as chairman of that body during its three weeks of deliberation. Many of the relief and employment measures advocated by economists, educators, bankers, business men, ministers, and social workers during the past two years—and bitterly opposed by President Hoover—were proposed by committees of the 1921 unemployment conference and accepted then by the full body, including its chairman.

Mr. Hoover, until nominated for the Presidency, was chairman or a member of committees connected with either the President's Conference on Unemployment of 1921 or the National Bureau of Economic Research—committees which were especially engaged in the study of unemployment and business cycles, and of public works as a remedy for economic depressions. A committee of which Mr. Hoover was chairman until his nomination for the Presidency in 1928 published two large volumes on "Recent Economic Changes," and also a volume on "Planning and Control of Public Works," by Professor Leo Wolman, setting forth the advantage of quickly expanding public works when a business depression sets in.

During the campaign for the Presidency, in the summer and fall of 1928, Mr. Hoover constantly referred to the political principles and activities of the Republican Party as the chief cause of prosperity and the full employment of labor. In November, 1928, three weeks after his election, Mr. Hoover requested Governor Brewster of Maine to present to the Conference of Governors at New Orleans what became at once nationally known as the "Hoover Plan." The *Literary Digest*, devoting its first three pages of the issue of December 8, 1928, to the plan, described it under the heading, "Hoover's Plan to Keep the Dinner-Pail Full," in the following words:

> The abolition of poverty, or a job for every worker, was more than once depicted by Mr. Hoover during his campaign as the great aim of the American economic system. Now his proposal to create a $3,000,000,000 reserve fund to be used for public construction work, so as to ward off unemployment in lean years, is hailed as a step toward that goal. . . .

Mr. Hoover's inaugural message in March, 1929, and his message to the special session of Congress in April carried no word about providing this unemployment reserve fund to be used in the pending inevitable business depression. Both Governor Brewster and Professor William T. Foster saw President Hoover in the spring of 1929 and urged action along the lines of the Hoover Reserve Fund plan. Although the President assured Governor Brewster the matter would receive his atten-

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tion as soon as the farm-relief session and other pressing matters were out of the way, no action was ever taken by the President —and the collapse of "prosperity" came in October.

President Hoover's record since then is well known. For a full year he issued public statements minimizing the depression. When the futility of predicting the return of prosperity in another sixty or ninety days became apparent even to Mr. Hoover, he showed, in his message to Congress in December, 1930, the first recognition of the serious economic condition of the nation. Did he recommend that Congress appropriate or raise by a bond issue to meet the critical situation the sum of $3,000,000,000 or $1,000,000,000, or even $500,000,000? No. He asked for between $100,000,000 and $150,000,000, and secured $116,000,000! Congress adjourned in March, 1931, without providing any relief for the millions of unemployed men and women and their families. And it was not until May of the present year that the President consented reluctantly to legislation for the direct relief of the then ten millions of unemployed. Inadequate as the compromise Wagner-Garner relief measure was, it was accepted by the leaders of Congress simply because any bill providing adequate relief and employment would have been vetoed by the President.

The final act of President Hoover in sending the regular army, with tanks and gas, against the unarmed veterans and their wives and children is a fitting climax to the blindness and indifference of the past three years, which have been justly characterized in the editorial columns of *The Nation* under the titles: Is It to Be Murder, Mr. Hoover? and Cowardice and Folly in Washington.

New York, October 25 DARWIN J. MESEROLE

The Terror in Cuba

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reports have recently come from Cuba of the assassination of prominent leaders of the opposition to President Machado, including Representative Gonzalo Freyre de Andrade and his two brothers. Newspapers state that the killing was done in retaliation for the previous slaying—by whom not stated—of Dr. Vasquez Bello, president of the Cuban Senate, a strong Machado supporter, "who, had he lived, probably would have been the next president of Cuba."

Many Americans still think that the Spanish War and the "rescue" of Cuba from Spanish domination were worthy projects, but information from trustworthy sources confirms the belief that present conditions in Cuba are largely the result of American domination of Cuban financial affairs, and that the illegal control of the government by President Machado is being supported and aided by the American government.

Several representatives of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom have been in Cuba during the past year. We were in personal touch with Dr. Andrade, and know him to have been a man of integrity. He was a well-informed lawyer, formerly professor of economics at the University of Havana. His brother Leopoldo was an engineer and sugar planter who wrote a book on the Cuban sugar industry criticizing Chadbourne of New York (organizer of the Chadbourne plan). The book was seized by the Machado Government. Both men were fearless in their denunciation of the Machado regime and were in hourly danger for years. Their deaths are now added to the list of over 1,000 such assassinations on the streets of Cuba since the beginning of the Machado regime in 1925.

Last summer when I was in Cuba I met a number of splendid young women, college graduates, who have just now finished serving thirteen months' imprisonment on the Isle of Pines as personal "hostages" of President Machado. Some sixty students are said to be still imprisoned. All schools and colleges in Cuba except a few of the lower grades have been closed since December, 1930.

The situation in Cuba is intolerable. Since the Platt Amendment makes it impossible for the Cuban people to cope with the situation, the W. I. L. is urging the withdrawal of the support of the United States government from the Machado administration, the immediate repeal of the Platt Amendment, and the appointment of a civilian commission similar to the Forbes Haitian Commission to investigate and report on Cuban conditions.

We are now making a thorough study of the whole Cuban situation, and we shall welcome correspondence, clippings, and any definite information from those in close touch with Cuban matters.

Philadelphia, October 15 ELLEN STARR BRINTON

More Evidence

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I quote below part of a communication received from an authentic source in Havana. It gives but a glimpse of the reign of terror which has gone on without mitigation for more than a year.

> Eighty-four political prisoners, a broad term for those fighting the Machado dictatorship, were liberated today, unmistakably a maneuver on the part of the Machado Government, as was the announced dissolution of the Patriotic League (part of Machado's spy system and a branch of the secret police), which has in effect merely resulted in a change of name. These measures have been taken to make it appear that the government has suddenly become benevolent and eager to favor and conciliate the opposition. The ulterior object is to weaken the vigorous press campaign which has been waged outside the country. At bottom, the reign of terror continues unchanged. To be exact, the week ending yesterday netted a total of six bodies found in separate districts of Havana and Matanzas, all identified as members of the opposition.
>
> The deaths which have caused the most sensation and the greatest sorrow are those of the two Perez Díaz brothers, Floro and Antonio. These boys, students of the Teachers Normal School and of the High School Institute of Teachers, were members of the Student Council of Santiago de Cuba. Because of constant persecution they fled to Havana. Someone revealed their whereabouts, and they were immediately seized, together with a friend, in a boarding-house. Although they gave false names, their accent betrayed their native city, Santiago de Cuba. Floro was found mysteriously murdered on the road to the Martin Mesa bathing beach, and his brother, Antonio, on the road between Amarillas and Matanzas. The body of their friend, who remains unidentified, was found near the Mariano hippodrome. All of them bore the same wound, a bullet hole in the right temple made with a forty-five regulation army gun, and their bodies revealed distinct signs of torture.
>
> Revolution is again in the air. The government is so overwhelmed with debts that for the past five months civil-service employees have collected not one cent in wages, and there is talk of another reduction—the cuts so far amounting to 50 per cent. The army, navy, police, and congressmen are the only groups still paid regularly.
>
> Many organizations throughout Cuba are busily engaged in raising funds to give to political prisoners who have been detained for months without trial. Most of them are starving to death.

Brooklyn, October 1 MALWON KAUFMAN

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Progressive Miners' Relief

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Thirty thousand striking miners in Illinois need public support in one of the most significant labor struggles of recent years. They are fighting not only for a living wage but, still more important, for the right to have an honest union under leadership of their own choosing. Miners throughout the country are looking to this Illinois movement as the nucleus for a militant national organization to take the place of the old United Mine Workers, which, dominated by corrupt and unscrupulous leaders, has completely lost their confidence.

The Illinois strikers are having to fight against gangsters, troops, and a reign of terror in Franklin County that rivals Harlan, Kentucky. Union leaders have been shot down; a peaceful march into the southern counties was met with machine-gun fire.

Already operators covering some 10,000 miners have signed up with the new union, the Progressive Miners of America. The organization has the whole-hearted support of the rank and file. They are resolved that it shall be an honest, democratic, progressive organization.

The New York Committee for Progressive Miners' Relief, composed of liberal individuals and representatives of labor organizations, has been formed to arouse all possible aid in their behalf. Organizations are urged to allow a representative of the miners to make an appeal at meetings they are sponsoring, and to do all else in their power. The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief will forward clothes left at its office.

The strikers need relief at once. Rush contributions to Armand Rossi, treasurer, New York Committee for Progressive Miners' Relief, First Floor, 128 East Sixteenth Street, New York, or to the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

Katherine H. Pollak,
Secretary, New York Committee for Progressive Miners' Relief
John Herling,
Secretary, Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief

New York, October 17

Contributors to This Issue

Paul Y. Anderson is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

Thomas E. Williams is the Harrisburg correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*.

Earl Wright Shimmons has been a reporter on various Tacoma and Seattle newspapers.

Clifton Fadiman, head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster, is at work on a book of criticism entitled "American Life and American Novelists," from which the article in this issue is an extract.

Maxwell Bodenheim, poet and novelist, is the author of "Six a. m."

Granville Hicks is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Babette Deutsch is a poet and critic whose most recent volume of verse is "Epistle to Prometheus."

James Harvey Robinson is the well-known historian, author, among other books, of "The Ordeal of Civilization."

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Books, Drama, Films

Sonnet Without Music

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Mine-guards patrol the road beneath the oaks,
With rifles and revolvers glistening
Under the moon and rough heads listening
For steps, while in a creek a bullfrog croaks
His litany to death and man-made yokes.
The strikers crouch behind a mound of coal
With clubs and guns, while each man's rankling soul
Grows tight, ascends to lungs, and slowly chokes.

Two minutes more—the lead remorse will fly.
Bullets will cleave the lilies on the creek,
Bring blood from chests and wring stupidity
From puppets jerking in a stern, quick lie—
The crazed, immortal struggle of the weak
Against the flunkies of cupidity.

"A Family of Minds"

The Three Jameses. By C. Hartley Grattan. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

THE history of great families is interesting not only in itself but for the light it throws on questions of the first importance. What is genius, and what are the conditions that thwart it, deflect it in this direction or that, or bring it to flower? Biologists have something to contribute to these problems on one side, and students of the social sciences on the other; but all must have the data supplied by the biographer. To the evidence recently turned in by James Truslow Adams in his history of the Adams family, C. Hartley Grattan has added the story of the Jameses.

Superficially such family histories seem to be merely one more proof that geniuses are born, not made, and that the abilities they display in maturity were all implicit in their chromosomes. But a full knowledge of such histories always results in a radical revision of this simple interpretation. It is not merely that unusual fathers can give their sons unusual educations and unusual ambitions (James Mill and John Stuart Mill constitute one of the most striking examples of this), but they can frequently give them, what is crucially important for all purely intellectual workers but so often overlooked, economic independence. It was economic independence that made Darwin possible, and it was economic independence that made the three Jameses possible.

(The common neglect of this simple but vitally important factor among students of genius is really amazing. Thus Havelock Ellis, in his otherwise careful and admirable "Study of British Genius," which tells us almost everything about men of genius, with a special chapter on stature, another special chapter on hair-color and eye-color, and speculations on the connection of genius with gout, says nothing whatever directly about economic independence, and this in face of the fact that the arbitrary standard of genius adopted was the amount of space given to a figure in the "Dictionary of National Biography," in other words, the amount of socially recognized success! The mystery is deepened by the fact that Ellis has a special chapter on Social Class, in which, after pointing out how many geniuses have come from the aristocracy and how few from the proletariat, he seems inclined to attribute the difference almost entirely to differences in "stock.")

As it was economic independence that made the Jameses possible, Mr. Grattan begins, fittingly, with the man who made the economic independence possible, the founder of the family fortunes, the grandfather of William and Henry, William James the First. The elder James landed in America from Ireland in 1789, at the age of eighteen. Four years later he turned up in Albany, became a clerk, soon opened a tobacco store, then went into dry goods and groceries, built a tobacco factory, and in twenty-three years was ready to retire to money-lending and the business of being a Leading Citizen. Mr. Grattan has diligently unearthed the available facts, but he never succeeds—and I am sure the fault is not his—in making the first James seem anything but a dullard. All that we remember about him is that in addition to being astutely acquisitive he was extremely religious, and inflexibly opposed to "idleness and vice." But he died leaving three million dollars and twelve heirs; and the man now known as Henry James, Senior, was one of them.

By some miracle Henry Senior grew up without acquiring the slightest interest in business. Perhaps it was because he did not have to; perhaps it was the accident in his fifteenth year, when he burned his legs trying to stamp out a fire, so that one of them had to be amputated, and he remained in bed, often alone with his thoughts, for two years. His mind turned to religion, and he entered Princeton Theological Seminary; but he found two years of this enough; he could not swallow Presbyterian orthodoxy; and he began a long period in search of a faith, during which he flirted with strange cults like Sandemanianism, ending, at last, as a sort of independent Swedenborgian. Nearly all of his writing is on religious themes, most of it vague and transcendental, and unlikely to interest the present generation. If he had cared to devote himself to more mundane matters, he would surely have become an important essayist and critic; he could strike off pungent and telling phrases, like "the enameled offspring of Mr. Tennyson's muse," or (referring to Carlyle) "the same old sausage, fizzing and sputtering in his own grease," while his capacity for criticism that cut to the core of a question is illustrated by his remark that Carlyle had "the essentially Barnum conception of manhood, never unconscious youthful grace and symmetry, but everywhere gigantic overgrowth contrasted by dwarfish undergrowth."

But the greatest gift to the world of Henry James, Sr., was not his books but his two sons, William and Henry, and the education he was careful to supply them with. In the James household there was remarkable freedom of discussion; the two brothers were not only permitted to criticize freely the ideas of each other, but of their father, and the only defense he made use of, apparently, was not his superior age or paternal dignity but his wit. Henry James, Sr., did one thing more for his sons; he carted them off to Europe for a few years, where, as he wrote to Emerson, they might "absorb French and German and get such a sensuous education as they can't get here." These years in Europe were, of course, of crucial importance for both of them. Henry acquired a nostalgia for Europe, for its intellectual and aesthetic atmosphere and its way of life, that remained with him until he had permanently settled there; and though William James grew up to be a patriot, with ambivalent emotions toward Europe, he acquired there a mastery of languages and certain standards of judgment that never left him.

In relating the stories of these two remarkable men, the one the most eminent psychologist of his day and the other the foremost American novelist of his day, Mr. Grattan has pre-

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served an admirable balance between the record of their personal lives and the critical exposition of their work. The tendency of the last few years has been for the reputation of William James to decline and for that of Henry James to rise. Mr. Grattan's volume supports this tendency. There is in it no suggestion of Van Wyck Brooks's thesis that Henry James's desertion of the American scene crippled him as an artist; Mr. Grattan feels, rather, that James "was composing from the materials of life great works of art full of meaning, bodying forth a vision of the world not to be duplicated elsewhere." He regards James, it is true, as "beyond all else the great exponent and defender of the leisure class" (the section containing this judgment appeared as an article in *The Nation* of February 17), but though "in concentrating his attention upon highly complicated representatives of a highly specialized social group, [James] brought the interest of his stories to the narrowest possible point," he was still dealing with questions of universal import. On William James Mr. Grattan's judgments are often harsh: he finds him a shallow optimist, and he feels that "the total implications of William James's philosophy would lead to intellectual bankruptcy." With Mr. Grattan's attitude toward James's pragmatism I find myself in general agreement. It seems to me true, as Santayana has remarked, that James's incursions into philosophy were essentially of the nature of raids. But we must not overlook the fact that James's thought was nearly always rich in penetrating incidental insights, and his "Psychology," in its half-literary, half-scientific genre, still seems to me a masterpiece. Mr. Grattan is not grudging in his recognition of the immense influence of William James's "stream-of-consciousness" concept on *literature,* particularly through Joyce, Proust, Dorothy Richardson, Faulkner, Aiken, and others. And while it is true that much in his psychology has been superseded by the psychoanalysts and others, is not to be superseded the fate of all germinal work in science?

HENRY HAZLITT

Bulls and Bottles

Death in the Afternoon. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THOUGH no one can doubt the genuineness of Hemingway's interest in bullfighting, "Death in the Afternoon" seems to have been written with one eye on the proverbial wolf. It may be just as well; a book that tried to maintain the level of "The Undefeated" or of the bullfight descriptions in "The Sun Also Rises" would undoubtedly become painful and might become ridiculous. Certainly the uninitiated reader can learn all that he is likely to need or want to know about bulls, fights, and fighters, and he has some fine photographs, an elegant binding, and a certain amount of humor thrown in.

If anyone else had written the book, there would be little more to say; but because Hemingway ranks so high among contemporary novelists, and because more people will read the book because they are interested in Hemingway than will read it because they are interested in bullfighting, one is justified in going on to talk about the author. Fortunately the author, fully aware of the interest in his personality, has made a vigorous effort to put as much of himself as possible into his book. As a rule these intimate revelations are placed, for the convenience of the author, who obviously prefers to do a craftsman-like job, as well as for the convenience of the reader, at the end of each chapter. At first they take the form of dialogues between the author and an old lady, dialogues that suggest both Frank Harris and A. A. Milne at their most objectionable. Later on —but none too soon, as Mr. Hemingway candidly observes— the old lady disappears, and the author speaks directly to his readers.

We have, then, a series of observations on life and letters that provide glimpses of the mind of Ernest Hemingway; and there are, of course, other less premeditated revelations. The net impression is not unlike that received from the novels and stories. There is, it is true, a suggestion, especially in his comments on his critics, that Hemingway is less sure of himself than might have been supposed. But in general the book confirms previous judgments. It is surely not surprising to learn that he went to his first bullfight because he "was trying to learn to write, commencing with the simplest things, and one of the simplest things of all and the most fundamental is violent death." It is not surprising to find him speaking of "mountain skiing, sexual intercourse, wing shooting, or any other thing which it is impossible to make come true on paper, or at least impossible to attempt to make more than one version of at a time on paper, it being always an individual experience." It is not surprising to read: "If two people love each other there can be no happy end to it"; or to come across a brutal and quite irrelevant description of the horrors of death in war time. All these things fit the picture.

There is considerable humor in the book, but Hemingway always speaks respectfully of bullfighting and of writing. In his peroration, which is largely concerned with the latter activity, he says: "Let those who want to save the world, if you can, get to see it clear and whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly." This is obviously sound, and it would be hard to find any novelist who, as novelist, would disagree with it. The only questions it raises are concerned with Hemingway's own efforts to see the world clear and as a whole. Is his literary process one of selection—a selection based on and dictated by a knowledge of the whole? Or is it a process of isolation—a deliberate setting apart of those segments of human experience he understands and likes to write about? It would take a good deal of space to answer these questions, and a good many references to the stories and novels to support one's answers. But there is a kind of answer suggested in a passage in this book: "After one comes, through contact with its administrators, no longer to cherish greatly the law as a remedy in abuses, then the bottle becomes a sovereign means of direct action. If you cannot throw it, at least you can always drink from it." If, in other words, you are troubled by the world, resort to personal violence; and if personal violence proves, as it usually does, to be dangerous, ineffective, and undignified, console yourself with drink—or skiing, or sexual intercourse, or watching bullfights. Now though this is certainly a poor way to save the world, it no doubt is a fine way to "get to see it clear and whole." Yah, as Mr. Hemingway would say, like hell it is!

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Poverty

Broken House. By Ambrose South. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

POVERTY is the subject of this novel—not the fashionable 1932 poverty that begets "depression parties" at summer resorts and causes Viennese Rothschilds to cut their domestic staffs from forty-eight to twenty-four; not the sudden depression-bred poverty that reduces a lesser man to destitution and sends him hurtling from a twentieth-story window; nor yet the Franciscan poverty that uplifts and purifies the soul; but the slow, grinding, debasing, year-in-year-out poverty that sucks at the vitality of a family of seven, forever dragging them down without ever quite annihilating them; a poverty that manifests itself in an incessant shortage of food, clothes, warmth, matches,

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coal, soap, wood, tea, toys for the children; in vexation, fatigue, running noses, empty stomachs, greasy warmed-over blobs of food, broken finger nails, hands raw and stiff from farm work, premature old age, exclusive preoccupation with the business of staying alive and keeping others alive; drabness, ugliness, slovenliness.

Such is the poverty that, like an unseen guest, forever attends Clara and Hugh on their English farm, where their chief and woefully inadequate income derives from Hugh's dole and the sale of eggs. And such is Miss South's talent for bringing out the inmost character of Clara and Hugh that at times we forget the squalor of their surroundings, just as Clara does when she looks at her babies: their "little, wandering, muddy knees and legs and toes; red ears, red fists, red, hungry mouths, perfectly enchanting heads; faces that were alive like pockets holding wee, wild flowers."

Writing without humor yet with a restraint that keeps her very communicable feeling for her characters from ever becoming sentimentality, Miss South builds up in "Broken House" an appealing and memorable picture of a woman and her children against a background of manure, unwashed dishes, and grunting pigs. For while Hugh, with his war-begotten stump of a leg and a chronic irascibility born of poverty and bad food and failure of youthful hopes, is convincing enough, it is Clara who makes the book—Clara, the sloppy, inefficient housewife, the incessant drudge, forever inadequate yet, with her selfless mothering love for both husband and children, forever preferable to her blameless, efficient, thorough betters.

In spite of its subject matter "Broken House" has no social-economic ax to grind. Clara and Hugh, however cruelly handicapped, are permanently kept down by their own deficiencies rather than by invincible odds. Another family in their place might have done better. Miss South has written no thesis novel but a creative work of lasting impressiveness. Its two chief weaknesses are a failure to differentiate clearly between the various children (except Max, who is excellently drawn) and a certain amount of repetition. In the latter defect, in a book where little new happens and the effect is largely cumulative, there is perhaps some virtue.

GEOFFREY HELLMAN

A Victorian Modern

Samuel Butler: A Mid-Victorian Modern. By Clara G. Stillman. The Viking Press. $3.75.

THIS is the first modern interpretative biography of Samuel Butler. In many respects the most advanced mind of his day in England, a man of extraordinary brilliance and versatility, he has been neither manhandled by the early pseudo-Freudian biographer, nor touched up by the psychographer, nor Stracheyized; and he has offered no target for the debunker. This neglect seems inexplicable when one considers Butler's constantly growing reputation in a day in which publishers and writers are combing their encyclopedias for forgotten men to resurrect and popular idols to crush to earth. Butler's novel has been implanted in the minds of two literary generations and has had a direct and powerful influence. His first social satire is ranked with the best in English literature of its kind. A part of the scientific world has definitely admitted him into its hierarchy. Artists are beginning to take notice of the flavor of modernity in his painting and art criticism. Scholars no longer look upon his theory of the authorship of the Odyssey as a crank's whim. And yet, as in his lifetime, he has been neglected.

It is true that, looked upon superficially, Butler was not a colorful or romantic figure. He was an indefatigable worker. His life was his work, his work his life, to a greater degree than in the case of most literary figures. Even M. Maurois would find it difficult to write a life of Butler with Butler's books left out. And, again, his versatility should rightly give pause to the most courageous biographer. But I think the chief reason for his neglect is that no more today than in his lifetime does he fit into any pattern. Some who found personal release or, critically, a new vitality in "The Way of All Flesh" are shocked by his conservatism. Others who have discovered in his biological works kinship in ideas or inspiration are shocked by his dread and hatred of scientific authority, while his indifference to many of the burning social problems of his time causes many moderns to turn sadly away.

But although he lacked appreciation during his lifetime and has been neglected by modern writers, Butler has been fortunate in his two principal biographers. The two-volume "Memoir" by his friend, Henry Festing Jones, is an honest and dignified labor of love. And now Mrs. Stillman's psychological and critical study will march beside Butler's reputation as long as that shall last.

In its critical aspect this is a thorough, closely reasoned study of a significant body of thought; and in its personal approach to the man and the genius it is a sympathetic but candid psychological interpretation. The two aspects of the biography are skilfully interwoven. Neither one stultifies the other, absorbs or belittles the other. Mrs. Stillman's exposition of the biological works of Butler—and it must be remembered that "Life and Habit" is one of the most brilliant books ever written—is an extraordinary achievement. On one point I should like to take issue. I think to call Butler an amateur pitting himself against the biologists is a mistake. He accepted the experts' data, and then, as Mrs. Stillman delightfully shows, turned their facts against their hypotheses. He was a philosopher, and in attacking the reasoning and conclusions of the Darwinians from the point of view of his own theories, he remained within his own field. But this is not to deny that Butler approached all subjects with the spirit of the amateur, or that he wrote a novel and composed music as one Simon-pure. The issue is probably trivial; but Butler's thought was hard, coherent, and of universal application. The word amateur to too many would suggest the merely clever dilettante. But no one will be misled if he reads the book through. For here every phase of Butler's life and all sides of his genius are dealt with in a distinctive and distinguished modern biography.

FRED T. MARSH

"Some World Far from Ours"

The Salutation. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. $2.50.

OPENING a book by Sylvia Townsend Warner, one expects to be transported to another star, where the light, however crossed by our iron actualities, is yet unwontedly bright and tender, and the air, if sometimes bleak as here, has currents of softer fragrance than we have known. The title of the sketch which opens this collection of stories, Some World Far from Ours, seems peculiarly appropriate to her gift, as the substance of the piece in a manner symbolizes the body of her work. In itself it is a trifle, conveying simply the shock of revelation and despair that comes to a hard-worked, middle-aged, romantic chambermaid in a one-night cheap hotel who, going to renew the sheets in a just-abandoned room, finds the disordered bed, the familiar walls, transfigured by a bath of icy moonlight. It is a trifle, but a piercing one. The juxtaposition of drab lust and romantic longing, of the room's musty ugliness and the moon's chill beauty, is superbly managed, and the reader is left with the sense that it is not only the dull

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Minnie Parrs who glimpse thus briefly and irrevocably a world far from theirs.

The two novelettes, if in a different fashion, also open doors on something incredibly distant. The one has to do with an English wanderer who finds refuge in the house of a gracious Argentinian, the widow of his compatriot. The placid South American household and the grave, almost religious respect for the laws of hospitality which govern it take us farther than into another country, for they show life moving to another rhythm. Again, Elinor Barley's wretched infatuation and hapless end, while perfectly possible today and certainly believable in the early-nineteenth-century, rural-English setting Miss Warner gives them, make a tale seemingly as remote from us as any out of the Arthurian cycle. What works the change is more than a matter of unfamiliar backdrops and costumes. It is a fundamental question of tempo. These people have leisure for love and for grief, for the subtleties of comradeship and solitude that ripen only slowly.

Miss Warner achieves her effects largely by her style, which is lustrous with shining images and always carefully modulated—sometimes with too obvious a care. It is this that in stories full of shrewd, bitter, and occasionally rough humor turns the most ordinary men and women, the most sordid situations, to the stuff that dreams are made on. The result is a book which, for all the plain prose of much of its subject matter, has a definitely lyric tone. Sometimes the lyricism rings a little hollow and thin, as in Early One Morning. Often it is half lost in gently sardonic laughter, as in Over the Hill and This Our Brother. But it is the quality which distinguishes the book as a whole, which lifts much of it into the realm of fantasy, and which allows it to exercise the peculiar spell of romantic poetry.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Can Man Be Civilized?

Can Man Be Civilized? By Harry Elmer Barnes. Brentano's. $2.50.

DR. BARNES, one of the most erudite and incisive of the younger prophets, sees civilization facing a major crisis owing to the growth of technology based on natural science, and believes that our only hope of salvation lies in social science. The social sciences, he admits, are not so well developed as the natural, but he is certain that we already know enough to be able to build a veritable Utopia here on earth. We have been prevented from doing so by the "dead hand" of the ignorant and barbarous past.

Believing that the next fifty years will largely decide the fate of Western civilization, Dr. Barnes points out the complex of forces threatening us and sets forth the essentials of a social gospel according to science. First, orthodox religion must be scrapped, because its theology has been undermined and its criterion of the good life exposed as invalid. We need a new religion of humanism to organize the mass mind, and to act as an ethical dynamo. We need a new code of morals, based upon what science shall discover to be the most salubrious means of promoting happiness in this world. The mental-hygiene movement has already shown that much can be done toward creating an art of life based on science, and here Dr. Barnes sees a harbinger of a scientific ethical code. He believes strongly in birth control, more difficult marriage and easier divorce, and above all in the creation of a sexual ethics based on scientific knowledge. Crime, war, industrial indecency, and the dangers of the machine age come in for highly intelligent consideration, and here again Dr. Barnes sees the promise of salvation in the social sciences. The future of civilization, he convincingly points out, depends in great degree upon man's learning to make a more civilized use of his rapidly increasing leisure. Prohibition he regards as a menace, and believes that "no other nation needs civilized drinking so much as does semi-Fordized America."

Dr. Barnes is by no means certain that mankind will recognize the challenge of the age, or will meet its requirements. But he says, "Human history, looked at in the large, gives grounds for hope, not despair. Even the most benighted Southern Baptist of today is almost rational in his daily life and attitudes as compared to the medieval peasant or the cave man."

CHARLES LEE SNIDER

Metternich Redivivus

Metternich. By Arthur Herman. The Century Company. $5.

SIEUR CLEMENT WENCELAS, Prince of Metternich-Winneburg-Ochsenhausen, was born when Napoleon Bonaparte was four years old, and he lived to hear of Austria's defeat by Napoleon III at Magenta. He was the most important European statesman for a whole generation, from the Congress of Vienna to the Revolution of 1848—the unrelieved black background of all the revolutionary, liberal, and nationalistic agitations of his period. By most historians Metternich has been handled roughly, but the old simple faith in liberalism and democracy and representative government has been weakening since the World War, and the political philosophy of the Austrian diplomat no longer seems so sheerly perverse as it formerly did. His policies appear no more disreputable than those of his successors in the early twentieth century. At any rate, Mr. Herman has brought him back to life. While the author feels that the subject of his biography has in general been unfairly treated, there are no traces of whitewash on the picture he presents. He engages in no extenuation, but illustrates the tireless activity of a mind which was deeply concerned with many matters other than those of the chancellery. Metternich was a handsome lover, an indefatigable talker, genuinely interested in the scientific discoveries of his time. He was acquainted with a vast range of distinguished contemporaries. These were able and eager to record their impressions of him, and Mr. Herman has included a goodly number of such interesting reminiscences. Extracts from Metternich's fervid correspondence with Madame de Lieven (1818-19) are given. They show how recklessly the prince could write when at last he had found someone who really "understood" him. He confides to her: "For a number of years I have noted this singular thing: that men who diametrically oppose me die. The matter is simple. Such men are fools, and fools die." He confesses that he has twenty faults, "but presumption is not among them. My character does not bear opposition. I am too positive and do not like to occupy myself with criticism." While free from presumption he concedes now and then that he is never mistaken—others may, of course, have now and then spoiled his plans.

To a modern psychologist Metternich's method of solving problems will appeal. He reached his conclusions amid "apparent distractions"—when eating, talking, riding; he could then put down on paper his recommendations and the order of presentation would take care of itself. Once when faced with an important dispatch after a wearisome night journey, he asked the courier to let him finish a novel he had been reading—"Perhaps the answer will come."

Of Metternich's childhood and youth scanty records remain. He was born in Coblenz, and grew up under the influence of the French ideas that were in vogue in the Rhineland. His father was an inefficient diplomat who represented Austrian interests on the western border of a disrupted Holy Roman Empire. The French Revolution demoralized the University

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of Strasbourg where Metternich had begun his studies. He joined his father in the Austrian Netherlands and later in Holland, and found his prospects ruined by the French invasions. Early personal grievances may well explain his persistent abhorrence for revolutions in general. Molded in the likeness of the *noblesse d'esprit* of the *ancien régime* he remained in his political views unchanged through life. Mr. Herman remarks in concluding his excellent volume that "if a World Federation ever comes to be among the human possibilia, it will most likely be based upon cosmopolitanism rather than internationalism, and perforce follow with a mature and practiced ease the cruder technique of Metternich. His name should in that day be profoundly honored." Several jokers lurk in this statement, as the author was doubtless well aware.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Shorter Notices

American Poets, 1630-1930. Edited by Mark Van Doren. Little, Brown and Company. $3.75.

In this anthology Mark Van Doren has chosen to present not so much periods as poets. This accounts for the inclusion of thirty-four poets from the present century in a list which totals only fifty-seven names. The selections show the editor's admirable critical judgment. We have an excellent group from Emerson; interesting selections from the less well-known Anne Bradstreet, Philip Freneau, and Joel Barlow; and the best of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell. Then the better-remembered names begin—Whitman, Dickinson, the at-times-forgotten Woodberry, Moody, Sterling, Crane, Stickney—and we come, thereafter, into the twentieth century. Everyone has his own ideas about this century, and Mr. Van Doren has his positive opinions. Jeffers is represented strikingly by his lyrics, Bodenheim by his later poems, which are much better than his earlier; Allen Tate equals in space Hart Crane; and Léonie Adams, Louise Bogan, and E. E. Cummings have as many pages as Edna Millay. T. S. Eliot is incompletely represented because of copyright difficulties. Elinor Wylie is allowed only her earlier and less important poems, probably for the same reason. There is a good deal of James Rorty and of Merrill Moore, two poets less frequently represented in such company. It is time now to see the development of American poetry as a whole, and this anthology affords us that pleasure. Traceable throughout the volume is Mr. Van Doren's delight in the precise, technically well-turned poem and his dislike of rhetoric and redundancy and excess of sentiment.

A Practical Program for America. Edited by Henry Hazlitt. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.

This is a collection of articles which originally appeared in *The Nation*. Each contributor sets forth what he believes would be the most desirable program for America to follow in the next four years in some particular phase of our economic life. H. Parker Willis writes on banks, Leo Wolman on unemployment insurance, E. R. A. Seligman on taxation, E. G. Nourse on agriculture, Walton H. Hamilton on the control of big business, Clarence S. Stein on housing, Morris Llewellyn Cooke on power, Henry Hazlitt on tariffs and debts, Winthrop M. Daniels on railroads, and Ray Vance on the control of the business cycle.

The Giant Swing. By W. R. Burnett. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

W. R. Burnett is that common American phenomenon, the skilled craftsman whose talent always seems superior to the demands he makes upon it. "The Giant Swing" tells how Joe Nearing, piano-player in a jazz band, was baffled in his attempt to participate in the life of Middleburg; how he expressed his vague ambitions and unhappiness in a new kind of music; how he returned, after his national success, to see the people he had formerly envied or loved from his new perspective. The nature of Joe's rise is left somewhat dim, and the novel as a whole is disappointing, but there are moments of real insight, as when the principal source of Joe's artistic inspiration is shown to be his resentment at the individuals who had rebuffed or wounded him. Mr. Burnett tells one story—the rise to power of members of the lower middle class. His novels are really cynical success stories, with the success gained through crime, professional sport, or artistic effort.

The Drama of Life After Death. By George Lawton. Henry Holt and Company. $3.75.

This large book—it runs to over 650 pages—is devoted to a study of spiritualism. It is notable for its thoroughness and its objectivity. Dr. Lawton is a member of the Columbia University group which is turning its talents in psychological and social analysis to the study of religious thought and expression. His book is the sixth title in the American Religion Series. Most of the volumes of the series have been of the highest possible quality and the Lawton book is distinguished among them for its comprehensiveness and insight. Spiritualism is, after all, more than a strange aberration: it is a powerfully appealing religion. Satisfying as it does the oldest of human hungers, the desire to circumvent death, it lays a powerful hold upon the emotions and provides a compensatory outlook which allays many earthly disappointments. Dr. Lawton has been at pains to give a long exposition of the spiritualist outlook, thoroughly larded with quotations from the literature, before he ventures upon a critique of it. In general, as a result of this treatment, spiritualism seems no more fantastic than any of several cults of much greater social respectability at present. Dr. Lawton remains unconvinced of the truth of the claims of the spiritualists and finds no objective, scientific ratification of their doctrines. Their "facts," he holds, are still in the realm of the unproved.

Drama

Cold Cuts

WHEN Edna Ferber and George Kaufman collaborate on a play, the general public prepares to enjoy itself thoroughly. A few years ago they got together on a piece so successful that it is still mentioned with awe in managerial circles, and it was generally supposed that as soon as the promised new opus appeared, the theatrical season would escape from the routine into which it had prematurely fallen. Success was predestined and success will be enjoyed in a considerable measure. For the present, at least, the new play will be the obvious choice for theater parties, and one will have to see it if one expects to be in on the small talk of the moment. But the sad fact remains that it is not quite good enough to add very much to reputations already as high as those of Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman.

"Dinner at Eight" is the title of the slice of life which they have prepared for exhibition at the Music Box Theater. This title is ironically restrained, but the restraint stops at the title, for in addition to some minor blackmail and a death by heart failure promised for a moment shortly after the fall of the final curtain, the piece includes one seduction, one adultery, one bigamous marriage, one suicide by gas (very elaborate), one financial ruin, and one duel—the latter fought in the butler's

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pantry with a carving knife and its accompanying fork. Obviously, then, the evening is not uneventful and neither is it lacking in ingenuity. All the personages are somehow linked with one another by the fact that all are concerned in one way or another with a fashionable dinner party which collapses about the head of the hapless hostess because all the important guests are prevented from coming by one or another of the incidents mentioned above. In a way both the scheme and the intention are vaguely suggestive of "Grand Hotel," in that "Dinner at Eight," like the previous play, links together a number of separate stories by means of a mechanical device and then exclaims by implication, "Such, you see, are the dramas which go on just below the surface of our everyday existence," or even, as the old melodramas had it, "Such is life in a great city." But "Dinner at Eight" is less frankly melodramatic, less frankly a tour de force, and just to that extent less satisfactory as an evening of frank unreality.

I grant that the action is lively. I grant in addition a remarkable dexterity in the management of the various episodes and some flashes of smart dialogue. But if anyone should ask me what more, in God's name, I expect of a play, I should reply that I expect at least one of several other possible things —such as, for example, some evidence of an emotion really felt, some characterization deeper than that minimum required for a dramatic puppet, or, failing that, then some recognizable individuality of style. In "Dinner at Eight" I found none. With the possible exception of the aging actress played admirably by Constance Collier, every one of the characters is straight out of innumerable other plays, and each of the incidents is merely one developed with sufficient brevity to conceal a familiarity which would be boring if one were given time to recognize just how familiar it is. Buried among smarter phrases, such precious bits of dialogue as "Not after all that we have been to one another" and "This is the only decent thing I have ever done in my life" reached my incredulous ears, and they represent not unfairly the underlying substance of a play which Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman certainly wrote in some of their less inspired moments. Perhaps a manager besought them to supply him with a sure success. If so, then they worked conscientiously and hard at that particular task, but they did not really care about the story they were writing and were not concerned for one moment with the various hard fates of their characters. They produced their success, but if it had been presented anonymously no one could have guessed which of a half-dozen good contemporary workmen had turned this particular trick. A few lines back I called the play "a slice of life." It is really five or six slices not very freshly carved, and on second thought one is tempted to describe it as a plate of cold cuts.

The always charming presence of Alice Brady turns "Mademoiselle" (Playhouse) into an agreeable evening's entertainment and gives to this sentimental comedy also a good chance of success. Its author, the Frenchman Jacques Deval, may be remembered as the man responsible for "Her Cardboard Lover," in which Jeanne Eagels starred some years ago, but the new play reveals him in the much softer mood appropriate to the slightly maudlin story of a frozen-faced governess who helps her charge to conceal an illegitimate baby because a baby is just exactly what she has always wanted. Grace George plays the governess with impressive restraint, but it is Alice Brady in the nominally minor role of a gay mother who makes the play. She brings to vivid life what is probably a not very well written part, and she makes mediocre lines seem sparkling with wit. Without her "Mademoiselle" would probably seem tedious; with her it is well worth seeing.

I have seen much worse plays than "The Passionate Pilgrim" (Forty-eighth Street Theater). Indeed, much worse plays have probably been written on the identical subject—

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namely, the early life of Shakespeare. But the point is that a play on that subject must be very, very good if it is not to be very, very bad. And "The Passionate Pilgrim" is certainly not very, very good. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In spite of its weaknesses, "Men Must Fight" (Lyceum Theater), by Reginald Lawrence and S. K. Lauren, manages to be more impressive than most of the present season's offerings. It is set in 1940, when war is declared between the United States and, presumably, the whole of South America, with Japan vaguely thrown in. The story centers about the Sewards. Edwin Seward, Secretary of State and descendant of a long line of distinguished statesmen, has worked assiduously with his wife for peace treaties. An American ambassador in South America is shot, however, and Seward joins the jingoes in supporting war in defense of the "national honor." His wife remains loyal to her pacifist principles, and risks mob assault by addressing anti-war meetings. The war hysteria, with its cruelty and senselessness, is ably presented, but the authors evade the problem they raise. For Mrs. Seward's son, who agrees with her that the war is senseless and "a rotten business," after seeming on the point of becoming a conscientious objector, suddenly enlists as a flier, driven by some supposed inner necessity of the male to prove his manhood by fighting. The attitude of the authors remains ambiguous: one does not quite know whether they admire Robert Seward for enlisting in a senseless war or whether they are presenting him as a specimen of the ineradicable imbecility of man; but they certainly give the impression that they admire his decision; at any rate everyone in the play does. And one is not sure whether the authors recognize all the sardonic implications of Robert's new wife's resolution that no son of hers shall ever fight. Apart from its central ambiguity the play is rather skilfully put together, although most of the domestic scenes are stereotyped and stagy.
H. H.

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

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CRIMINAL AT LARGE. Belasco Theater. Detective melodrama remarkably well done.

DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Reviewed this week.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY. Sam Harris Theater. Gay romance in a speakeasy atmosphere.

MADEMOISELLE. Playhouse. Reviewed this week.

SUCCESS STORY. Maxine Elliott Theater. The Group in an excellent production of a tense play about a radical who gained the whole world while he lost his soul.

THE GOOD EARTH. Guild Theater. Conscientious dramatization but not without the defect of all plays taken from novels.

WHEN LADIES MEET. Royale Theater. Rachel Crothers delivers a sugar-coated sermon in defense of the old-fashioned virtues. Most of the critics liked it but I did not.

Films

Going into Politics

IN the matter of politics the movies have so far been content to play the part of an unofficial apologist for the ruling classes and their interests and policies. On occasion the propagandist activities of the movies have been directly and obviously inspired by those policies. But the organization and interests of the film industry have always been too closely bound up with those of the dominant class to make such direct inspiration necessary for the routine work of manufacturing popular entertainment. Moreover, American films have done more than merely preach the comfortable gospel of earthly rewards awaiting the bold and enterprising in this land of opportunity. Owing to the peculiar quality of the film medium in its established form, which form incidentally has become established because of this quality, the main appeal of the movies has been their power to conjure up a world of dreamland, to supply the spectator with a sedative that would set free his pent-up longings for romance, adventure, and pleasures usually denied him. Thus, the movies have served as a disseminator of the approved social doctrine on the one hand, and as a safety valve for public discontent on the other.

In the light of this function of the movies it is somewhat surprising to observe that of late they have been trying to deal with subjects that by their very nature refuse to stay confined in a dreamland world, but persist in awakening the spectator to the realities of his life. Such subjects are the social and economic conditions of the country which, in their present state, with all the suffering and injustice they involve, are too keenly felt by the masses of the people to be sublimated into anything resembling the land of promise. Clearly, there must be special reasons to induce the film producers to depart from their established policy. It is a fairly safe guess that one of the reasons is the growth of a critical attitude among the movie-going public, which is no longer so easily pleased with the tawdry glamor of conventional romancing, and demands something more clearly attuned to its present insurgent temper. But the leopard cannot change its spots, and the film producers, when obliged to adjust themselves to the new demand, cannot change their minds either, even if they succeed in changing their voices.

A case in point is "Washington Merry-Go-Round" (Mayfair), the Hollywood contribution to the election campaign, which sets out to expose the "malignant powers" ruling this country behind the back and over the head of the official government. As an indication of the profound political thought that has inspired this piece of screen pamphleteering, it will be sufficient to say that the "malignant powers" referred to are represented in the person of a high-placed and tremendously wealthy racketeer who holds Senators and Congressmen in the palm of his hand, controls elections through his power over political bosses, and disposes of his opponents by means which in an emergency do not stop short of poisoning. This sinister personage naturally meets with condign punishment at the hands of a lion-hearted young man who comes to Washington to destroy the monster of privilege and corruption, and whose gospel of political faith is that honesty and justice would be reinstated in their seat of power if only the people would disregard the political machine and send honest men as their representatives to Washington. It may be exaggerating the importance of this much too obvious melodrama to discuss it in terms of political intelligence. Nor is it so discussed here. It is mentioned merely as a significant example of Hollywood's valiant efforts to catch up with the times. ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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